

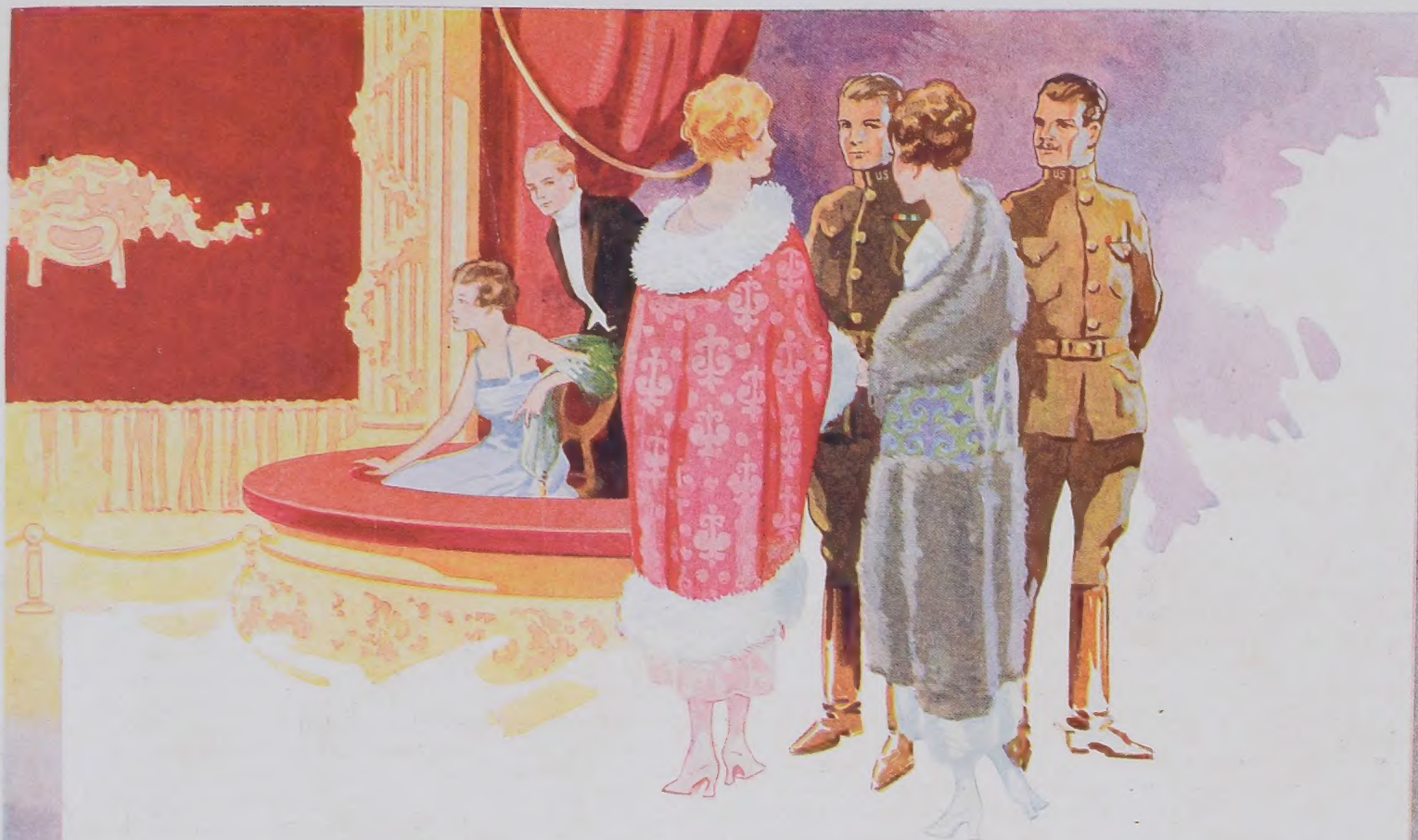
VOGUE



Continental
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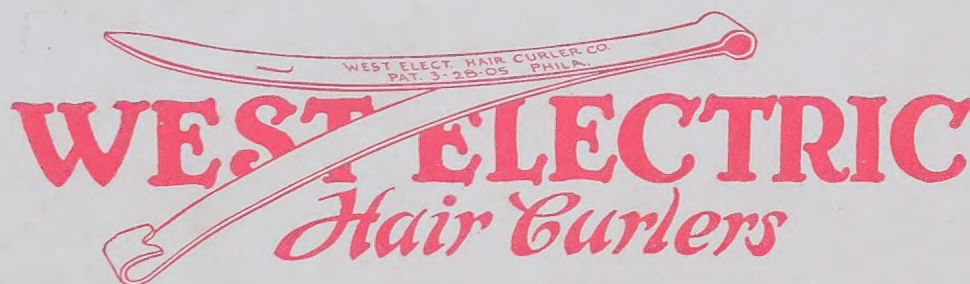
Early March
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This Is The SPRING MILLINERY NUMBER of VOGUE

THIS is the Spring Millinery number of Vogue and our pages are all abloom with the hats of spring, gay hats and sombre ones, big hats and little ones, poke shapes and flat wide affairs of every sort of hat material—and some materials that never before were used for hats. For, after all, even in war times, hats continue to be necessities. And the milliners, by the way, are making something far more interesting than a virtue out of a necessity. If you don't believe it, just turn to some of the many millinery pages in this issue.

Some magazines would think they had more than done their duty just by collecting and showing so many charming models, but Vogue is capping the climax, and the climax is, in several cases, the fair face of a particularly popular actress. Among these are Mrs. Vernon Castle, who can look smart in anything from a sombrero to a sunbonnet, and, of course, especially smart in the very latest hats, Olive Tell, making a whole page more attractive, and

Leonore Hughes in six perfectly charming creations.

Of course, the all-important fact of war colours all Vogue's pages, as, indeed, it does all our lives these days. It's been the background for the frivolous thoughts of the designers of hats and frocks and frilly things, and it's crept into every article that's come into the office. It's responsible for a page in this issue that tells you how to trim your own hats successfully and for another telling you how women farmers are taking the place of men in an efficient way and a becoming costume.

CONCERNING THE HOME

We have always felt that the home and its decoration and arrangement, are subjects well within our scope. So, in this issue, we are publishing some views of the outside of one home, on pages 60 and 61, and the inside of another, on pages 65 to 67, which you will

find just full of suggestions. If your home was never like this, you will want to make it so.

If one knows what Paris and New York are doing and wearing, one may feel fairly certain of not missing the most important things in life. That's why Vogue never fails to have several pages full of Paris fashion news, seasoned with bits of other Paris news, and an article with New York modes and New York manners evenly balanced. These are pages that one can't miss without serious danger of getting just a bit behind the times. And this time, these pages are better than ever.

Of course, every issue of Vogue talks about the latest and best plays, and there are always interesting plays to talk about, but this time there is one that is especially interesting. It comes seasoned with age and laden with memories, for it is actually a new version of that well-loved play, "La Dame aux Camélias." Mr. Clayton Hamilton has many things to say about it that you will want to read.

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C O N T E N T S

Early March 1918



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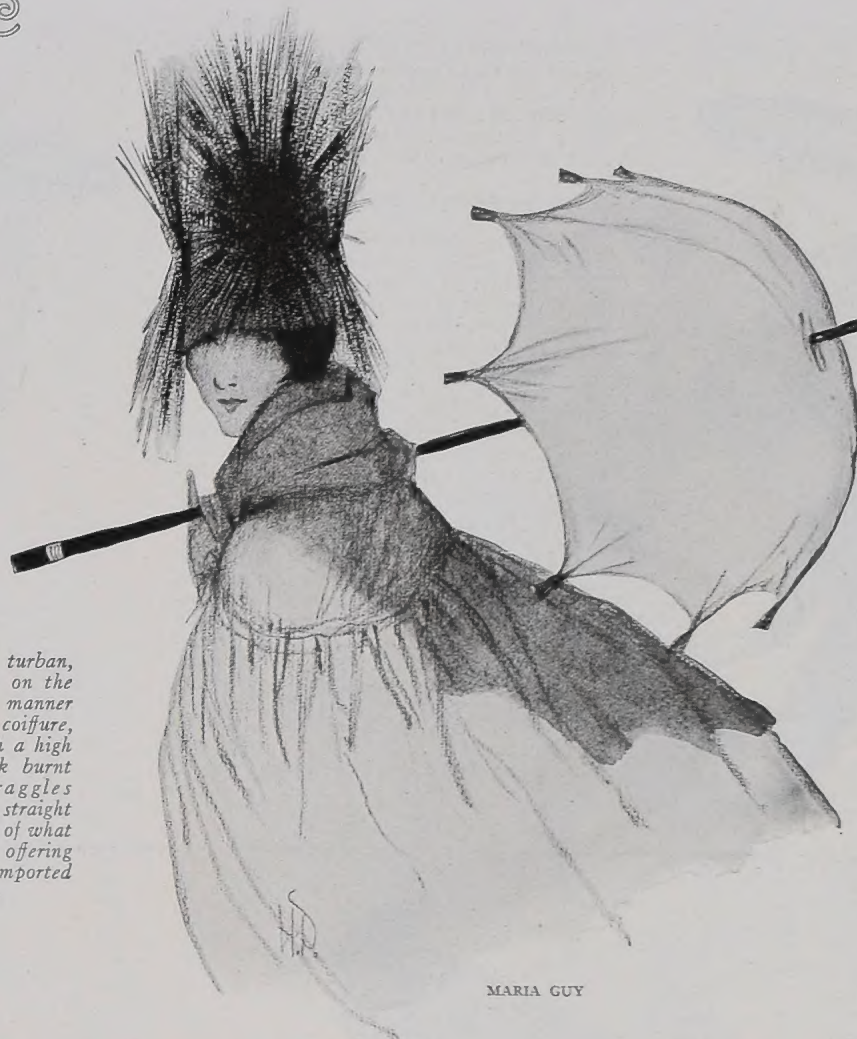
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Victor Georg

MRS. ROCHE

Mrs. Roche has spent much of her time this winter at Wendover, her country place at Wappinger Falls, Dutchess County, where she expects to organize a war charity. Her two sons have entered the service. Captain Maurice Burke Roche is in the Army and is stationed at Camp Dix. Mr. Francis Burke Roche is an ensign in the Navy. Her daughter is Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden, who is very much interested in the work of the Food Administration.



This high close turban, pulled well down on the head in the new manner to conceal the coiffure, and trimmed with a high explosive of black burnt peacock that straggles about the face in straight strands, is typical of what the modistes are offering us this spring; imported by Thurn

MARIA GUY

THE HATS THAT BLOOM IN PARIS

IT is one of the most charming poems of Verlaine, entitled "Offering," that begins,

*"Here are fruits and flowers,
and leaves and branches,
And here is my heart."*

And this season, fruits and flowers and leaves and branches are also the offerings of the French milliners, and they, too, offer their hearts, as well. For what French designer ever creates anything without putting his heart into his work? With the coming of spring we shall gather all the fruits and flowers which industry can invent to decorate us—even kid flowers, a new variety, —while we are waiting for our poor fields to prosper and our gardens to bloom.

FRUITS LEAD ALL TRIMMINGS

These offerings are very scarce, but very rare. Never, since the beginning of the war, have so few early hats appeared to let us know the tendencies of the coming season. But the representative few which are shown are quite unusual and unexpected in their turns of fashion. Large hats are as numerous as small hats, and certainly the milliners have created at least one design for every type of woman and adorned it with her favourite trimming. There is a great variety in trimmings; almost every hat uses something new and distinctive. Fruits, no doubt, will lead the trimming list as the season advances, as they are quite the newest whim. The fruits are shown in their natural colourings and look delicious enough to eat; they are carried out in hand-painted silks, tinted parchment paper, soft suede leather, and patent leather; and natural colour foliage is used in each case. Paulette et Berthe have used red currants in a clever way. The high

No Fruit or Flower Is Too Strange, No Material Too Unexpected, Whether Tinted Parchment, Kid, or Metal, to Trim the New Hats, Chief Among Which Are the Swathed Turkish Turbans, Pulled Well Down on the Head

crown of an English sailor shape, in a rich burgundy shade, is completely covered with currant leaves pressed flat against the straw. Suspended from the top of the crown and lying over the leaves are thick clusters of the currants, quite as splendid as those especially cultivated by a Scotch gardener. On the hat sketched at the lower left on page 35, Maria Guy uses wonderful malaga grapes in their true early colouring, a delicate transparent green. These grapes and a branch of the foliage trim this three-cornered shape of sand grey milan straw. The effect is one of freshness and crispness, characteristic of the spring modes.

The flower trimmings, too, are interesting, and some of them show a most unusual combination of materials. There are flowers of beads, of a soft metal that resembles tin, and some of suede and patent leather. Flowers of parchment paper, delicately painted, are quite the latest idea, and hand-made silk and satin flowers are very unusual when two colours are combined, one as the under side of the petal. For example, Lucie Hamar, in a turban of turquoise blue straw, attains the thickness and weight of the Turkish turban by using large full-bloom roses made of black and turquoise satin.

The under side of the petals is in the turquoise satin while the outside is in black. Valentine About, too, does something very unexpected in the way of trimming. She has covered a broad-brimmed hat with blades of wheat at which a company of tiny mice is nibbling. And besides this, she has trimmed a soft brimmed shape with parchment flowers, painted and gilded like those in a missal. This model is shown at the lower right on page 57. This modiste does not follow the fashion strictly; she does better, for she interests herself in the individual. A proof of this

is the charming experiment she has made with her Louis XVI model, shown at the bottom of page 32, which sits high on the head in back, revealing the coiffure. It is trimmed with a simple bow of organdie. This hat is a strong contrast to most of those we see, for the majority cover the back hair completely and come so far down over the eyes that the wearer needs to turn up the brim in order to see where she is going.

Narrow ribbons are used very charmingly for *cocardes* and other ornaments. This gives one an opportunity of choosing a small ornament with vivid colouring without losing any of the tailored chic of one's hat, for these ribbon affairs are very effective for brightening a small dark tailored shape. Silk braid is also used in this manner, but it is quite evident that metal cloth is to be discarded entirely, while wool has taken refuge in hats for sports and country wear.

The designers are making head-dresses of flowers, and it is evident that they will continue to make these for some time to come. After all, in the warm summer days there is nothing lovelier than a young woman dressed in white and crowned with roses, poppies, or



LANVIN

chocolate brown and brick red; taupe and brick red are also used together in many cases. However, most of the milliners believe that while light coloured straws and silks will be very smart during the season, eventually we may have a quiet season of navy blue and black.

THE ANGLE AND SHAPES OF THE NEW HATS

The angle at which the new spring hat is worn depends, of course, upon the style of the hat. The large hats sit straight on the head. The Oriental turbans are worn closely, covering the head and, in true Oriental fashion, showing very little hair. On the other hand, Georgette, as well as Maria Guy, designs hats that set high up on the head in the most dignified fashion, showing most of the coiffure.

Many of the small hats are of the harlequin or gendarme shape. We have been wearing this style, swaggeringly turned up at the front, during the winter, and the spring brings still more of these hats. Some are large and others very small, but most of them show an exaggerated width in proportion to their length from front to back. It is chiefly on the broad-brimmed shapes that flowers and foliage are used as trimming, and as spring blossoms into summer the popularity of these hats will undoubtedly increase. As afternoon hats, this style is especially good, for they suggest and are particularly suited to a soft gown of chiffon or silk—the accepted gown for a summer afternoon in town.

The newest of all shapes is the Turkish turban,



ALEX

To a formal hat in shades of tan was given the very wide brim that so many of the newest hats affect; it is of silk jersey, faced with straw braid, and there are rows of silk fringe

jasmine. And very simple shapes, undulating and supple, taken from portraits by the great masters of the English school of painting, are the most charming foundations for ornaments of flowers and foliage. For dinner or the theatre, simple wreaths of vine leaves or ivy, in natural colours, in spangles, or even in black silk, eclipse the most beautiful jewels, when they are suited to the type of beauty that wears them.

Tulle is looked upon as a friend in need, for what has not been done with tulle this season? It is smart as a veil for the face, and for veiling an entire turban it is fascinating. Indeed, nothing could or should be more becoming. Tulle or a coarse net is used on many hats, even for daytime wear; on some of these it is edged and trimmed with straw. Entire turbans of tulle are sponsored by the smart Parisienne and are wonderfully comfortable for evening, when hats must accompany the informal dress which is being worn to restaurant and theatre.

THE COLOURS FOR SPRING MILLINERY

It is not difficult to forecast the colours which will lead in millinery this season, for taupe, a cold grey, and warm pale sand shades are seen in every collection. Deep red—a rich wine red—and a vivid turquoise blue are also among the fashionable colours. A colour combination that is frequently seen is dark



GEORGETTE

HATS IMPORTED BY THURN

The black tulle hat that was designed for her to wear when dining at the restaurant may be quite confident in its simplicity because its lines are so very good. The narrow crown hidden by the upward sweep of the brim, purposely dented in the back, is straight and high, and on it and outlining the brim are effective rows of black bugle beads

An afternoon hat on typically broad and simple lines is duck grey crinoline with the sheen of silver tissue underneath and the sweep of pheasant feathers, marked with silver, across it

and it is proving exceedingly popular. We shall have to become accustomed to many odd shapes, some with an effect of thickness which is surprisingly becoming. Some of the modistes, on the other hand, extol large hats and would like us to return to a more formal and elegant style in millinery. When we search for the means by which this elegance is attained, we discover that most often it is by the use of feathers. These are not necessarily graceful sweeping plumes, as would be imagined, but often are made feathers, such as burnt goose, peacock, and ostrich aigrettes in small cocardes. These trimmings are very unusual, and many of them resemble fur or fluffy hair. Small curled ostrich tips are used in cocardes and as entire facings. Lucie Hamar uses soft rose ostrich tips on a smart shape of brown milan straw, sketched at the upper right of page 40. The crown is high and straight, while an uneven brim, which is quite short and slightly upturned at one side, has a long sweeping line extending well over the shoulder toward the back. The upper side of the brim is entirely covered with small curled ostrich feathers in a delicate rose shade. This combination of colour is considered very smart and is very new. Lucie Hamar shows a marked classic tendency; in addition to her formal broad-brimmed hats, of which she is one of the chief exponents, she shows



GEORGETTE

Georgette likes hats that fit the head closely; she liked this rough blue straw so well, with its spiral rows of lacquered beige quills, that she wears it herself

turbans of tulle for evening, one of which is sketched in the middle on page 33. These turbans are extremely popular with the woman who goes out a great deal and must dress accordingly, as they are always in excellent taste. The turban of white tulle with a bride under the chin, is a charming example. Sketched at the top on page 34 is a large flat hat which, under a layer of tulle, preserves, like a book of souvenirs, dried poppies and roses and pinks.

At Reboux's we find two principal types; these are toques and the big Louis XIV shapes, which have a charm which was never surpassed in that glorious age. There are feathers and cockades on the taffeta hats and wreaths of grapes and apples on light straws. Then there are feathers which are put on flat, like material, and which cover the brim of the hat, which is of straw in a contrasting colour.

The toques are almost helmets and are worn well down over the eyes; they bristle with



ALEX

This turban of smoke grey yedda straw is practically trimmingless, but it arrives, like many another diplomat, under the protection of the crown; two hats imported by Thurn



VASSELIN VILLETARD

The big hats aren't the only clever ones on the family hat-tree this spring; witness this narrow black milan brim surmounted by a veritable bomb of burnt ostrich, secured by a substantial tulle chin-strap; imported by Waters

feather ornaments and wings, but use very little ostrich. Sometimes these feathers—curled cock's plumes, for instance—float out behind, suggesting hair on the hat instead of under it. One small close-fitting toque, sketched on page 35, is of red brown milan straw, turns up abruptly at one side, and has a long line at the back. It is trimmed with an uncurled band of ostrich in a grey green shade. Not only is the colour combination unusual, but the effect of these feathers, which are almost straggly and which fall over the brim to the eyes, is very startling.

From Vasselin Villetard comes an evening or afternoon toque, sketched on this page, which is worn in true "battle style"—straight on the head and with a trim chin-strap of pleated tulle. The hat is all black; the upper part is transparent and is in softly pleated tulle, while an edging of liséré straw gives line and stiffness to the shape. Feathers of burnt ostrich, giving an effect quite like monkey fur, spring from the top and fall over this helmet like a waterfall. Maria Guy, too, advocates helmet-like toques worn with a martial air. In the hat sketched on page 27 she uses coarse straw that is very shiny, and trims its three sides—for this hat has only three sides—with ornaments of burnt peacock feathers that shine and glisten in the sun. The ends of the feathers fall over the eyes in a most unusual fashion, giving an air of mystery.

Maria Guy protests at making children's toques for women to wear and insists upon making large shapes of straw or of satin trimmed with spangles. A hat of coarse straw with a brim like a double puff of elephant grey taffeta is very striking in its smartness. This hat, sketched at the lower left on page 33, is both elegant and very simple. Another Guy model, sketched at the upper left on page 34, has a crown of balls of jet and a straw brim swaggeringly turned up at the front.

On account of the scarcity of other millinery materials, small hats of taffeta or satin with very little trimming will be worn during the spring season and probably until late into the summer. But the American woman need not be disturbed by this, as some of the smartest models are of silk, satin, or ribbon. The soft draped effects can be carried out far more gracefully in materials than in straw. Lewis uses a great deal of silk, Georgette crêpe, and satin, but usually combines these materials with straw. He is giving most of his attention to the harlequin-gendarme line, which allows the hat to be pulled down to the shoulders behind, while it turns up from the face in front. His harlequin hat, sketched at the lower right on page 58, is of blue straw with a wreath of anemones in all colours. Many of his models are on similar lines, whether they have brims of silk and crowns of straw or vice versa. Many are



In a season of high turbans and three-cornered hats, a model that is both is, of course, doubly desirable. This one is of black liséré straw with a brim which is faced inside with whiteorgette crêpe, and it has as dashing lines and points as one could possibly wish. Then, as a crowning attraction, there are pom-poms of large white clipped ostrich feathers which flare up on the side and fall over the upstanding brim

THE ART OF JOSEPH, WHO
MADE THEM, AND THE
CHARM OF THE LOVELY
LADY WHO WEARS THEM,
GIVE THESE HATS A POSI-
TIVELY FATAL ATTRACTION



Baron de Meyer

If a brimless turban isn't becoming, here is a turban with a tiny brim which has all of the charm of the other and none of its regrets. The crown grows narrower at the top, and the little brim has a tuck in it all the way round. But this isn't all; black paradise in long inspired sprays springs from around and under the crown, giving the effect of a lovely swaying smoke-black cloud that clings persistently to a charming hat

POSED BY LEONORE HUGHES

Joseph has a trick of combining paradise and an unusual shape that is distinctly his own. There may be many paradise-trimmed hats on the heads of as many women, but the connoisseur can always recognize the unusual combinations that mark this house. This shape is typically Joseph; it combines black straw with satin, and the brim not only turns up in the back but sweeps forward over the crown, too. The lavish sprays of black paradise are fastened at the back, and to one side

(Below) It's one of those misleading little hats; it looked so prim and prudent and almost severe until she put it on, and then it turned out to be one of those rather rakish Turkish turbans. It's of navy blue straw bristling with navy blue burnt peacock feathers, and its shape is one of those that seem to have completely captured the fashion of spring



(Below) We never hear "La Tosca" without feeling that it isn't quite fair for some people to have both a soul-stirring voice and the privilege of wearing a feather-crowned poke-shaped hat; so we're glad that at last a designer has given us just such a hat of elephant grey straw and taupe Georgette crêpe, topped with three tan and taupe plumes



Baron de Meyer

A face must be fair indeed to dare this entrancing pokebonnet, not that it is a trying shape, but because it so obviously announces: "I am a lovely frame, and I demand a fitting picture." We earnestly hope that none but beautiful women may see it, for whoever sees will covet. Every gracious curve of the soft black liséré straw, every swaying motion of the black gaura, adds its bit of charm to a hat that is not alone a thing of quaint beauty, but decidedly a forerunner of the newer mode

**TURBANS WITH TURKISH
ANTECEDENTS AND POKE-
BONNETS FROM 1835 ARE,
PARADOXICALLY, THE
VERY NEWEST MODES**





ODETTE

It's strongly Scotch, this little plaid hat, but since it happened in Paris, it was fashioned of oilcloth and given a glistening ornament of jet. When taken motoring, it defies wind and rain and dust



ODETTE

Flower hats make as natural and as welcome an appearance as the crocuses that spring always brings. A host of tiny blue leaves and some blue and yellow silk flowers trim this black satin toque



The designer of this hat says that the chief duty of a hat, large or small, is to suit the individuality of the wearer—and to make her meaning clear, she has a special inspiration for each model. One of them was a large shape of black liséré with a tan ostrich feather

TWO MODELS FROM
VALENTINE ABOUT

trimmed with various kinds of mercury wings. An odd combination is used in a small hat which is trimmed and tied with ribbons. It is of black spangled net and is lined and trimmed with a brilliant cerise satin. Many models from this house cover the hair and have almost no trimming, suggesting children's hats. This style is quite unlike those which Lewis has generally favoured in previous years.

FROM SHOP TO SHOP

It is most interesting to note the change of spirit, or of atmosphere, which one meets in going from one Paris milliner's shop to another. The stiffness, the primness, the ladylike qualities of the hats from Georgette are refreshing indeed. She herself wears a favourite turban, sketched at the upper left on page 29, which is of stiff coarse straw in navy blue with an uneven crown of spiral rows of lacquered quill feathers in the most attractive shades of beige. She is topping her turbans with flowers, ostrich strands, and silk ribbons. To one of her restaurant hats she gives an entirely different expression that is still truly Georgette. It is shown at the bottom of page 28 and is of black tulle, trimmed in the simplest manner with black bugle beads. The shape itself is so good



This Louis XVI model of black liséré and rose-organie goes right in the face of the mode and, instead of completely eclipsing the coiffure, displays it

that no trimming is needed, and the transparency is charming. An example of the attractive manner in which Georgette combines materials is a very striking shape with an upper part of draped Georgette crêpe, delicately embroidered around the edge of the brim with strands of ostrich feathers in the same soft shade of beige. The under side of the brim is of braid with a soft woolly surface. These one-tone effects are very lovely and are seen in a number of collections.

The smartest shapes have the least trimming. This is one subject on which all the milliners seem to agree, and quite rightly. In the hat at the upper right on page 28, Alex, who for so long was the celebrated designer for Reboux and now has a shop of her own, uses two pheasant quills on a sheer silver grey straw through which shimmers silver gauze. The shape is large and shows width rather than length. The pheasant feathers, which run across the hat from one side to the other, give an appearance of being laid loosely on the hat, so casual is their disposal and fastening. Another distinctive shape from Alex is in an unusual straw—though, to be sure, almost any straw seems unusual this year, one sees so little of it. However, this hat, sketched at the lower left on page 29, is made of a Japanese



SUZANNE TALBOT

Mlle. Fernande Cabanel wears a crêpe de Chine turban that starts with brown, winds to orange, and finishes with a silk tassel, red, green, brown, and gold

yedda straw which is typically Oriental. It is thin and light in weight and might be described as loosely woven. It is shown in dark smoke grey, with a high crown having a soft, almost draped, effect. The mushroom brim is short, and just above this is a band of silk moire braid which ends in a tailored bow and matches the hat in colour. This is one of the styles that must be worn straight over the eyes.

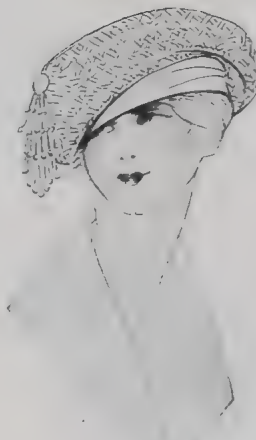
One of the most interesting hats of the season, from Lanvin, appears at the upper left on page 28. A wide shape with a high narrow crown shows the top part of closely woven silk jersey, faced with a fine soft silk fringe. Lanvin, too, believes in the smartness that may be obtained by carrying the hat out in one colour, and she has used tan as her scheme. The trimming is a narrow silk fringe of the same shade, entirely encircling the crown and used in two rows on the outer edge of the brim, with good effect.

Odette has always favoured little hats, and this season she will have nothing else. We are of her opinion, when considering small, pretty, or very young faces. Her hat of hemp straw embroidered with currants and their leaves is as becoming as possible. Equally attractive is her toque, with a very novel trimming of foliage in Nattier blue, strewn with gilt buttons. Particularly original is the toque of plaid oilcloth sketched on page 32; it is not only the plaid which gives the Scotch effect, but also the use of interlaced thongs.

CONCERNING PARASOLS AND VEILS

Jeanne Duc likes both large and small hats, and, to use with them, she makes parasols that are as transparent as veils and of very new and interesting shape. Her hat with a lattice work of straw held down with leather on a foundation of blue satin, has a brim turned up in front and youthful ribbon streamers floating down the back. Her toque of leather geraniums massed on a foundation of kid is an amusing version of the flower toque with silk blossoms which was worn about fifteen years ago.

From the earliest indications, veils are to be in thin, wide open, sparsely spotted meshes. Dots or dashes, widely spaced, seem to be the prevailing patterns. Very few scrolls are shown



MARIA GUY

It reminds one of the turban worn by Eastern merchant princes; it flops forward in the same way. Only, this one is beige usiné and satin ribbon



LUCIE HAMAR

Brown tulle encraps her head in swirling folds and floats lazily over her shoulder; such a turban, worn in the evening, has Turkish effect and French chic

(Left) Maria Guy fancies large shapes and gave one of coarse straw very becoming soft lines. The brim, like a double pug, is lined with elephant grey taffeta

TWO MODELS FROM MARIA GUY

(Right) The new models are more often satin than straw. This tasselled and girdled black satin hat has the brim drawn back to the crown, rather like a large heavy turban



Photographs by Dumont Emery



MARIA GUY

Because a black hat is an essential part of every woman's wardrobe. Paris never tires of inventing new ways of making them. This model is of black straw with a whole crown of black jet balls



LUCIE HAMAR

The flowers of spring have never bloomed more gaily than on the new spring hats. On this drooping shape of marron straw there are poppies and pinks and roses, all in full bloom but veiled with marron tulle



LEWIS

Black plush makes the brim and black satin makes the crown, but, of course, it took a French designer to make the distinctive and becoming lines. The hat is trimmed with two pearl pins

a dot or group of dots, or a spray of leaves is sometimes done in velvet or chenille, and sometimes hand-woven threads are used. There are a few combination veils shown for motoring, which are most attractive; they are of two different types and often use two colours. In one instance a short motor veil is shown in open lace mesh of a deep beige shade, and on three sides it is finished with a deep band of chiffon in dark brown. The chiffon is drawn to the back, while the lace mesh is worn over the face. There are a number of veils shown in



LEWIS

Black, in the shape of a small satin hat and a tulle veil embroidered with jet, becomes amazingly cheerful when Mlle. Gaby Deslys is the wearer

net or tulle, and these are edged with a fine embroidered scroll, beads, or silk fringe. One in a heavy black net has fine lines of bugle beads outlining its four edges. These veils are not drawn tightly across the face in a smooth trim manner, but are softly draped and allowed to lie in a number of becoming wrinkles. There is no doubt but that veils will be more than ever in evidence this year, for hats for general wear will be small, severe, and, for the most part, untrimmed, and it is on this type of hat that a veil is at its best.

REBOUX



One might think she had something to conceal, she is wearing her black panne velvet hat with its beige and black feathers so far down over her eyebrows and the back of her neck—but that is how Paris is wearing its new Turkish turbans this spring

BLACK HATS THAT ARE
FRENCH COME TO US IN
GUISES THAT ARE NEW

DISTINCTIVE LINES AND
UNUSUAL MATERIALS FASH-
ION THESE PARIS MODELS



It isn't the red brown milan straw shape that makes you stop and look again, but the band of grey green uncured ostrich feather straggling over the brim almost to the eyes and trailing down over the right ear, that causes your gaze to be really startled; this hat is from Reboux

Louison made this liséré straw hat all in one colour, a cold grey, nor did he relieve the colour one bit when he trimmed it with stiff wings over which play uncured burnt ostrich plumes. And one fine tulle mesh veil, oddly dotted with roses, is in the same shade, for grey is popular with veils



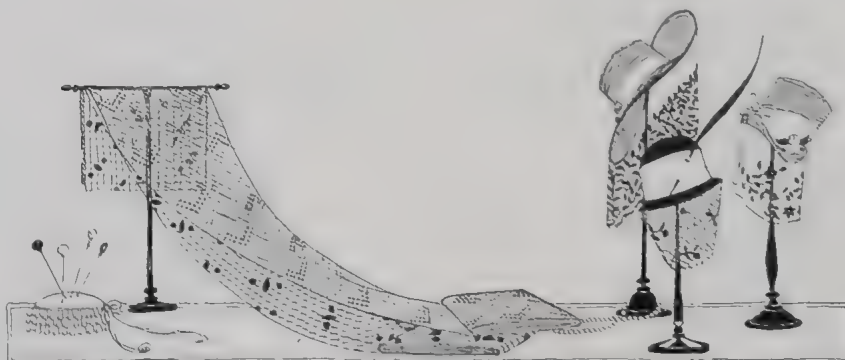
**WHEN THE PARISIENNE WEARS FEATHERS THIS
SPRING, SHE BIDS THEM ASSUME STRANGE SHAPES,
AND HER VERY VEILS ARE WHIMSICALLY SPOTTED**

HATS FROM GERHARDT

The Parisienne is veiling herself with these open-meshed affairs of a square or diamond pattern, dotted and dashed discreetly and sparsely. On the veils shown on the hats the designers have woven scroll patterns to their heart's content. Some are transparent and some are very heavy, but all, being French, are becoming



Many of these three-cornered harlequin shapes are more than a little rakish, but somehow Maria Guy manages to make this one look very very good, what with its sand grey straw, trimmed with pale grey ribbon and clusters of malaga grapes and transparent green foliage



Lancvin shaped this burgundy red milan so that it sticks out in points on four sides; and at the top, in front, is a black bird with spread wings. It's all very young and trim and tailor made, and the new veil worn with it is of an open square mesh with fine dots

MRS. CASTLE, IN
THESE FRENCH HATS,
SHOWS THE NEWER
MODE FOR SILK

MODELS FROM MAC VEADY

(Below) The turban seems to be an international affair; the reason therefor is, of course, that it is so very becoming and convenient to wear. So if a French maker sees a Spanish turban that appeals to her fancy, she has a perfect right to adapt it, as did Lucie Hamar when she covered rows of heavy cording with blue satin and stitching and made one of the smartest close hats that has been shown for spring



(Left) When the Paris milliners found out that war times would deny them even straw, they quickly utilized silks and ribbons; and so pleasing were the results that — presto! silk hats are the mode and promise to stay with us throughout the season. And really, they make harmonious costumes easy to achieve. This brown satin hat from Lucie Hamar is a fairly large shape on rather tailored lines. Its brim rolls back slightly at the front and is outlined with a narrow band of grosgrain ribbon, which also encircles the softly draped high crown and ties at one side

Alex's little white satin turban below is showing two things very much liked in Paris: the straight, high, and perfectly round shape and the heavy black tulle which entirely veils it. Sometimes these veils are of cotton net; they hang loose from one side or are softly draped over the face. But who is Alex? For years, Reboux's head designer; now her own designer, and considered one of the cleverest in Paris



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Then Alex made another high round shape of blue satin, knowing that the young girl in Paris bestows upon it her especial favour; there is something Oriental as well as military in its effect. Black wheels of finely pleated grosgrain ribbon are the trimming



SINCE IMAGINATION, DEFT FINGERS,

AND BITS OF SILK AND STRAW ARE

NOT ON THE CONSERVATION LIST, SPRING

HATS MAY BE AS FANCY FREE AS EVER

HATS DESIGNED BY WATERS AND COMPANY



"Cherchez la femme!" If she is as attractive as her neck and chin and a glimpse of curved cheek and bright eyes through the transparent brim of her hat promise, she does well to wear this afternoon hat of black liséré straw, so circumspect and yet so audacious, with its black tulle brim: so aloof and yet so debonair, with its sweeping aigrette of black burnt ostrich



"My youth!" murmurs this hat, and turns back its brim so that one can see the sheer youthfulness of its line and the glad colour of turquoise blue straw underneath. The top of the brim is sand coloured Georgette crêpe, and where the brim turns back, there is a little fan-shaped ornament of sand coloured ribbon



It's one of those swagger black milan straw English sailors, the kind you always associate with tweed suits; but the brim is faced with a bit of cherry coloured faille and there is a wide band of the same bright colour around the crown, to say nothing of two startling black and white wings alight on one side,—all these things change the severely tailored nature of the hat so that it may be worn with the most feminine of suits

The designers are expressing themselves just as much as they please when it comes to hat trimmings. Some of them climb to astonishing heights, like the spiral of hydrangea blue ribbon on this turban or marine blue liséré straw,—or one may wear all the ribbon one chooses, as our soldiers have no need of it

WITH ONE OF THESE FINE STRAW SHAPES AND ONE
OF THESE NOVELTY TRIMMINGS A CLEVER WOMAN
MAY CREATE A PERFECT UNDERSTUDY FOR A PARIS HAT



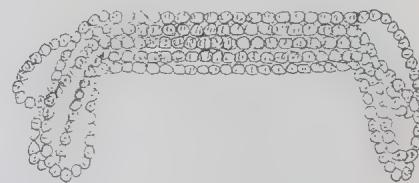
A very ingenious French designer has given a new twist to the popular high black milan turban, and this hat is an exact copy of the result. It may be trimmed with two pins of burnt goose and ostrich in the new shuttlecock form, in black, brown, navy blue, and sand colour. The pins are used as illustrated or nearer the front. Hat, \$10; hat-pins, \$1.25 each



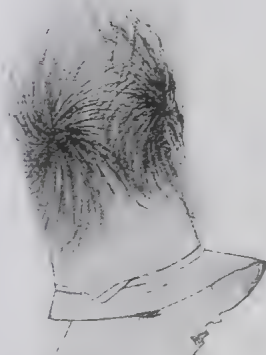
If one is at all deft as to fingers one may have this new hand-blocked Turkish turban at small cost. It is of liséré straw in black, brown, or navy blue, and may be trimmed with the curious little bow of burnt goose and ostrich, or an ornament of rose, blue, or sand coloured carved wooden beads shown just below. Hat, \$7.50; feather bow, \$1.95; beads, \$1.50



(Middle above) This typifies the poke which has won its way in Paris. It turns up abruptly at the back and has a very high crown. It is of liséré straw, hand blocked, and comes in black, brown, or navy blue. As shown here, it is an exact copy of a French model, having a band of draped velvet about the crown and a high flange of remarkably well-made burnt goose aigrettes at the back. A hat of this type should be put on quite differently from the hats which women have been wearing. It should be placed on the crown of the head and drawn firmly towards the ears until it is well down on the head. Hat, \$7.50; aigrettes, \$2.50; velvet, \$3. In place of the velvet, one may use a wreath composed of clusters of tiny felt roses in black, brown, or navy blue, with leaves made of ivory coloured wooden bugles at either side. One of these ornaments is sketched above; \$1.25

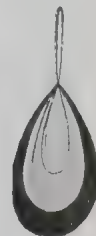


Many Paris hat brims are rolling under instead of over, this spring, and this hat has exactly copied one of them. It is of black liséré straw and is trimmed with a long shiny black quill with a jet bead base. The hat needs no other trimming, but a band of grosgrain ribbon with two jet slides may be used in addition. Hat, \$7.50; quills, in any colour, \$1.50; ribbon, 45 cents a yard



It's another of those popular poke affairs and it's of black, brown, or navy blue liséré straw, hand blocked, —but it isn't quite as high as it looks. Pinwheels of uncurled vulture feathers give it that aspiring look; a narrow band of faille ribbon in a contrasting colour trims the crown. In place of the pinwheels, one may use a trimming of burnt goose cart-wheels with ostrich centres placed around the crown; in black, brown, or sand colour. The hat itself costs \$7.50; the pinwheels, \$1.95; the cart-wheels, \$2.25

One of the very newest of new French shapes is narrow from front to back and drawn out in two large points at the side. This milan hemp straw in blue, brown, or black, has a faille ribbon bow. In the sketch the bow is of five-inch ribbon and is placed against the crown, but, of a narrower ribbon, it may be laid flat on the brim at the front. A trimming of peacock eyes, in peacock colourings (sketched below), may be used instead of ribbon. Hat, \$6.95; ribbon, 85 cents a yard; peacock eyes, 50 cents each





Campbell Studios

Miss Maryanna Lincoln, daughter of Mrs. Lowell Lincoln, was married to Lieutenant George Putnam de Veau, of the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, in the Saint Ambrose Chapel of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Lowell L. Lincoln. Among her attendants were her cousin, Miss Clara Lee, and Miss Anstiss de Veau, the groom's sister. Lieutenant de Veau is stationed at San Antonio, Texas, and Mrs. de Veau will accompany him there.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Van Buren Mason, daughter of Mr. George Grant Mason, to Lieutenant Samuel Colt, U. S. R., took place at the home of the bride's parents in a bower of ferns and pink camellias. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Robert S. Wood, rector of Saint Mary's Church, Tuxedo Park. The bride wore a gown of soft white satin, trimmed with old point-lace which belonged to her great-grandmother, and carried a bouquet of white orchids and lilies-of-the-valley. She was given away by her father, and her only attendant was Miss Mary Colt, the sister of the groom. Lieutenant and Mrs. Colt will spend the winter in Washington, where Lieutenant Colt is attached to the Ordnance Department.

THE ARMY RECRUITS TWO BRIDES FROM
NEW YORK FAMILIES FOR MILITARY
WEDDINGS, THOSE ROMANTIC CEREMONIES WHICH APPEAL TO ALL OF US



Ira L. Hill



Turkish turbans are among the hats which are registering spring in Paris. This Lucy Hamar turban is made entirely of wide black satin ribbons and takes up the question of a veil of tulle, that versatile material which fairly anticipates the moods of its wearer. In the photograph above, it has taken on a French point of view, and in the one below at the right, a Turkish

HATS FROM PEGGY HOYT

GOWN FROM MRS. RALSTON

OLIVE TELL WEARS FOR
VOGUE TWO OF THE NEW
TYPES OF SPRING HATS
AND A LOVELY GOWN



Baron de Meyer

Directly Lucy Hamar designed this shape, with its short-on-one-side-long-on-t'other brim, Paris took a strong fancy to it; one sees various translations of it, and this one of dark brown milan straw, faced almost to its brim's edge with rose panne velvet, and with the upper side of the brim covered with an airy blanket of tiny ostrich plumes in a deep rose shade, is one of the loveliest

The wearer of this black and white charmeuse dress has the secret of the new fashions up her sleeve this spring. It is the "different" sleeve that counts, and these are original even in a season of novelties. For although they are cut with two loose panel effects from the elbow down, buttons and buttonholes are placed close to the arm to outline a tight sleeve. Not content with having scored on the subject of sleeves, the designer showed what else can be done with buttons and an unbiased mind. The high collar buttons in the back, and the buttons, which are covered with white brocaded charmeuse, continue all the way down the back. This original costume achieves its success unhampered by the conventionalities of trimming; it is the simple black and white blouse and the black skirt that accomplish the striking "poster" effect of the gown

PARIS SURRENDERS to the CHARM of the ORIENT

With the Capture of Jerusalem, Paris Adopts

Eastern Veils, Embroideries, Draperies, and Girdles;

Quaint Sleeves Mark the Frocks of Spring

IT may be regarded as a certainty that, in spite of the straight and narrow lines of the present silhouette, more than one attempt will be made to force us back to drapery. The idea, however, has little to recommend it just now except its appeal to the perversity of the human mind. For the large dressmaking houses, draped fashions mean only an added expense. These couturiers do not increase their prices in proportion to the amount of material used in a frock; one with six yards in it is likely to sell for the same amount as one which uses only three. The small houses, on the other hand, must regulate their prices according more or less to the amount of material used, so that a

full costume becomes more expensive for the customer. And for the woman who buys her own material and has it made up by the "little dressmaker around the corner," whom every Frenchwoman knows, fulness represents a direct extravagance. So, wonderful to relate, we have a fashion which pleases everybody.

THE MODE OF 1918

The narrow silhouette represents the present mode, and it is proving very pleasing. The variations on the main theme are so manifold that, although nothing sensational has taken place in the development of the silhouette, interest in the models offered by the couturiers has in no way decreased. It is safe to predict that the tight skirt, as newly interpreted, will fall into none of the errors of the earlier examples of that style. Offenses against good taste and convenience will not be repeated but will be obviated by clever handling.

There are certain definite statements to be made about the established mode of 1918. First, as to the length of the skirts: the irregular hem-line is still seen, but in a rather new form. Two longer sections, falling at the sides, as shown in the Lanvin model at the top of page 43, sweep the ground below the line of the rest of the skirt. Waist-lines are large, allowing great freedom of movement. In three-piece costumes we shall see blouses outside skirts, in the "saute-en-barque" fashion beloved of our grandmothers. Thank goodness, we have forgotten the mode of tiny waists and prominent hips; since the days of antiquity, the body has not been freer nor the fashions more accommodating. With the exception of the Directoire period we have never

MODELS FROM CHÉRUIT



A delightful triangle is formed by the play, "La Finette et les Butors," Mme. Simone, who plays the leading rôle, and this frock of blue silk with white revers and a cherry coloured tie

been able, until to-day, to wear the real peplum robe in the house; now it is being worn even for formal evening occasions.

It is a truism to repeat that events in France have always had their effect upon fashion. The student of dress and its pageant through the centuries can prove this at every turn of the page of costume history, and the generations to come will doubtless see in the clothes of the spring of 1918 a reflection of the capture of Jerusalem for Christendom. Particularly at the house of Lanvin is this influence of the embroideries, the veils, and the swathed outlines of the East to be seen. There are gowns which look like biblical pictures—the simple sweeping skirts, the swathed hips, the garnitures disposed crosswise. Many fine spangles outlining the seams of a gown, when these are vertical, give a charming gaiety and diversity to sombre tones. And Rebecca herself might have worn the girdles that are made by this house. We see them in



Several new Parisian whims meet on this gold lamé frock—the drapery at the back, the uneven hem-line, and the ingenious sashes which run straight down the sides and turn unexpectedly under the hem to give a Turkish trouser effect

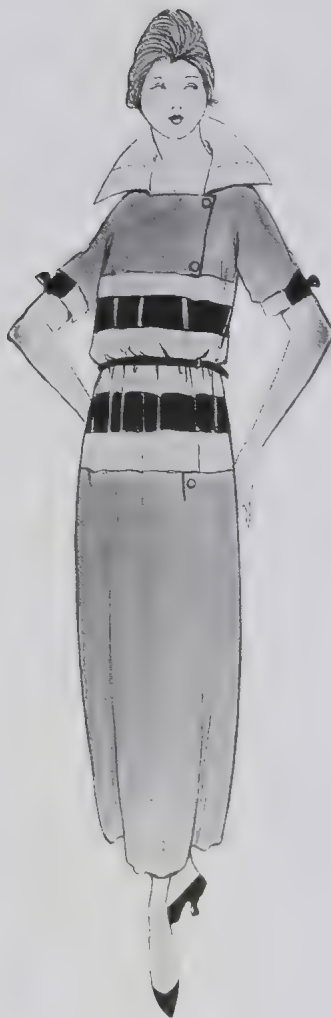
silk or velvet ribbon, but still newer girdles are of bands of the material of the gown, richly embroidered in beads of the same colour or in jet. Sometimes the beads are repeated at the edge of the two long sections on either side of the skirt, as in the model of black satin enriched with jet and cut steel at the top of page 43. Another idea borrowed from the East is that of many layers of different coloured chiffons, irregularly arranged as trimming on the chemise frock.

The gown from Lucile, sketched at the lower right on page 45, carries us to Armenia; it is of precious tissue with rich embroidery. The tightness at the ankles, moreover, and the low girdle maintain the Eastern character which pleases us so much. Lucile is making other experiments with drapery, discreet enough, it is true. What this house insists most firmly upon, for this season, is the cape. Sometimes it is a part of the bodice, sometimes it appears in the

The decree which ordered straight and simple lines brought no dismay to this designer; he made a frock of turquoise blue ratine with an organdie collar and black and white ratine bands—and the straight and simple result was more charming than ever



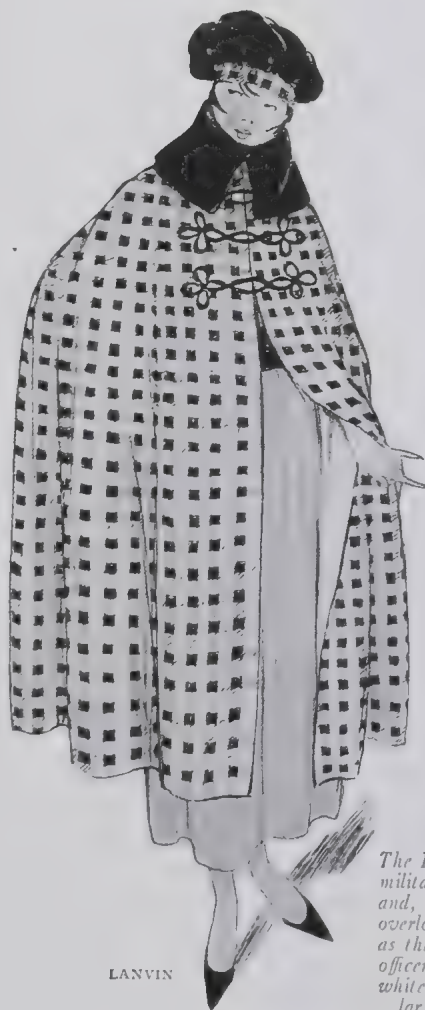
We're glad they found it wise to combine materials this season; otherwise we wouldn't have had this frock of sand coloured meteor and malines lace with its sash of delicately tinted pompadour ribbon



THREE MODELS FROM WORTH



The peplum blouse of our grandmothers is being welcomed back by their granddaughters. Here it gives a charming line to a costume of pale blue shantung embroidered in blue and silver



LANVIN

The Parisienne is adopting one military idea after another, and, of course, she has not overlooked anything as useful as the long cape of the Italian officer. This one of black and white worsted has a velvet collar and a beret to match

form of an ample collar. In either case there is great originality of conception.

WHY NOT THE MILITARY CAPE?

At other houses, too, many capes are replacing the belted coat that has been worn to excess during the last two years. Last summer we had capes in jersey, with fur collars and cuffs. For spring, we shall wear them of velveteen, of ottoman, or of checked worsted, like the one which Lanvin shows us on page 42. Braided frogs and a very high collar in the fashion of the first Empire accompany this model. As we have adopted so many military ideas, why not the cape of the Italian officer, especially as our troops are now fighting side by side with him? Women of taste have long appreciated this garment. May it not become the fashionable garment for the summer of 1918? I have an idea that it will.

At Chanel's, as at Worth's, we find the straight line, with trimming in cross lines. Women will be persuaded with difficulty to abandon this idea, proving again that, contrary to the general supposition, we do not allow ourselves to be blindly guided by dictators of fashion. There are some things which have caught our fancy and to which we stick in spite of railery. We find all sorts of excuses for them. Though there may be nothing less flattering, we maintain their becomingness; though they are inconvenience itself, we stick to it that they are practical. Lack of logic has always been considered one of the principal feminine charms. To-day, on the other



MODELS FROM LANVIN

When one remembers how fond Lanvin has always been of beads and pearls and jet and all things that glisten and twinkle, one feels sure that she must have put her heart into the designing of this charming frock of black tulle with its Oriental lines, its jet and steel embroidery, and its delightfully ingenious sleeves.

hand, the reasons which women advance for the preservation of the slim silhouette are absolutely comprehensible—it is comfortable, economical, full of grace, elegant. These are the points which recommend the tight skirt to us, whether it be derived from Cairo, from Ispahan, or from the Italian Renaissance.

WITH THE COUTURIERS

Rich embroideries, rivalling the most beautiful tissues of the Orient, are used by Chanel on extremely simple evening gowns; they are without sleeves and are hardly cut out in the neck at all. There is also great simplicity in the daytime frock from this house, with its slight gathering at the waist and its "Brandenbourg" braiding of gold. Everywhere we see the warm softness of fur, and we have come to love its association even with the lightest robes of summer. It is not there from necessity, but to give elegance, and for that there is nothing to surpass it.

Chéruit strikes a note of elegance with her gown of gold coloured soie de laine, draped and tucked up at the sides to form a puff in the back. An uneven line at the hem, the total suppression of sleeves, and a neck-line lower in the back than in the front, are her characteristics this season. For daytime wear she is making frocks of a new material, somewhat like alpaca, but without its stiffness; and she is also using diacrêpe in the same way.

Poiret, as usual, does not concern himself with dictatorial decrees; he follows his own imagination. The many gathers which distinguish his models bring to mind the mode

"Isabeau," which he launched at the end of the winter. Rather wide frocks, not excessively short, recall the dress of the Brittany peasants; one such frock is shown at the lower left on page 60. Affecting guimpes, which are as easy to renew as a handkerchief, he gives us very narrow trotteurs of remarkable chic, and he provides several different guimpes for the same gown. As a girdle for one of his coats there is a bias fold like a cord. Otherwise his models are usually devoid of all ornamentation. The beauty of the material stands alone.

DRAPERIES AND NEW SLEEVES

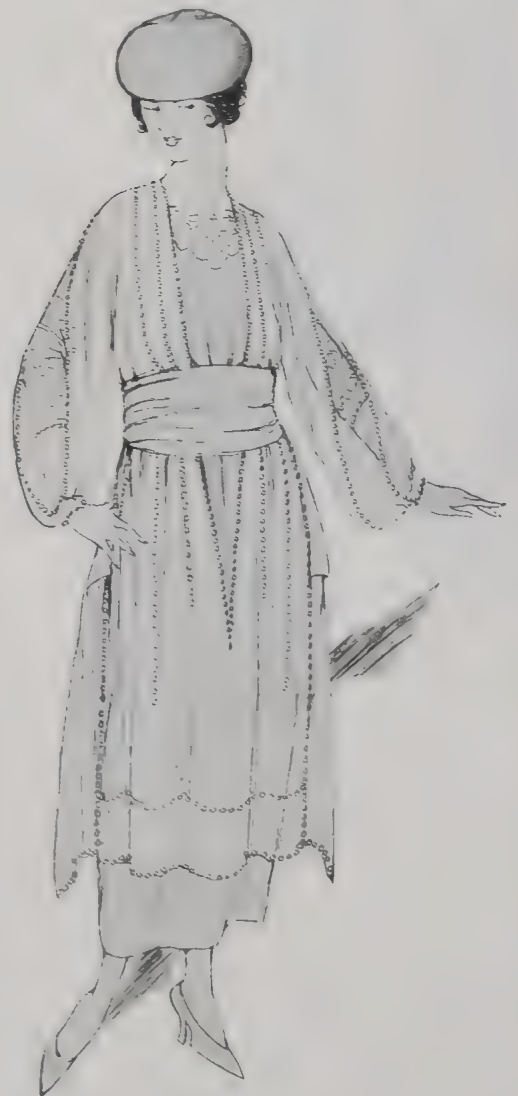
At Premet's there is a marked use of swathed materials and a certain fulness. Draped sashes are a fancy of this house, and the combination of black satin with white lace, black tulle veiling the whole, is a feature which we shall often see this summer, at concerts or at tea at the golf links.

As for Douillet, he maintains a middle course, without accentuating draperies. Yet he always adds a draped girdle. His gowns affect the tunic, lifted to allow a petticoat of lace or embroidered chiffon to be seen. The neck-lines are pointed, and the sleeves are often formed by the drapery of the bodice. It has pleased him to treat with great simplicity the wedding gown on page 44; it is of sumptuous Valenciennes lace, and the magnificent court mantle is all the more impressive for its straight lines.

At most houses the same materials are repeated. Embroidered and Ceylon voiles are



This frock of black satin and black tulle embroidered in gold and the frock at the right on this page are variations of the Oriental theme which Lanvin has adopted for the season. A Turkish turban of brown and gold cloth put on with cartridge pleating completes the costume.



When the Allies entered Jerusalem, Eastern styles entered Paris and captured this designer. A frock of pale grey satin veiled with grey chiffon embroidered in pearls is Oriental as to its broad girdle, its unusual sleeves, and its pale lavish use of beads and of embroidery.

Frocks from Dœuillet's often have lifted tunics and pointed neck-lines, just like this jetted crêpe de Chine, which shows a petticoat of fine Chantilly and outlines its V-neck with a black velvet cravat. This couturier is also giving his dresses draped girdles; and those on three of these models are characteristically arranged from the folds of the bodice



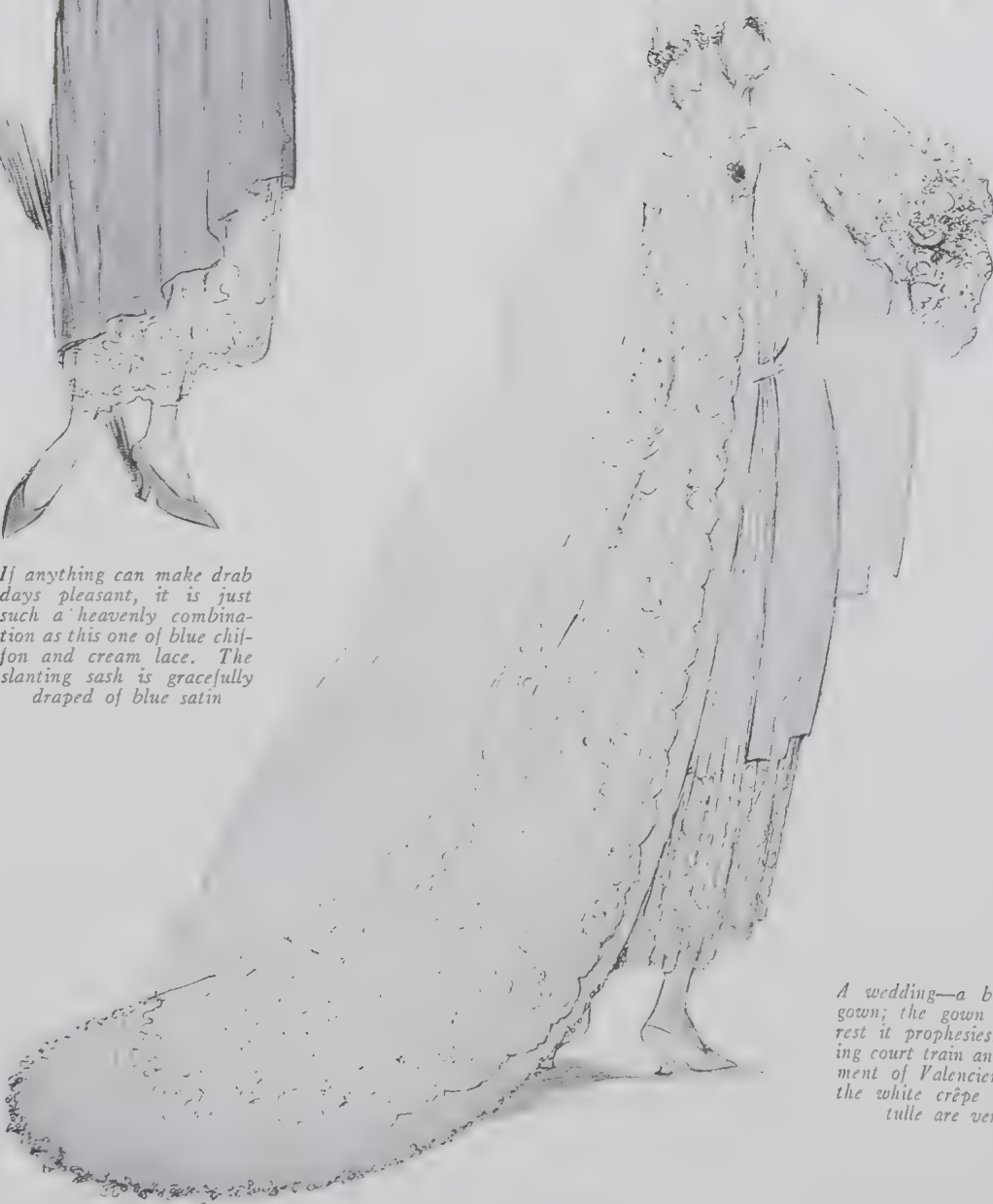
MODELS FROM DŒUILLET



If anything can make drab days pleasant, it is just such a heavenly combination as this one of blue chiffon and cream lace. The slanting sash is gracefully draped of blue satin



Under this designer's good influence, drapery resented the charge of being wasteful and extended the bodice to sleeves. Silver brocade and embroidery brighten blue satin and tulle



A wedding—a bride—an ideal gown; the gown we have; the rest it prophesies. The sweeping court train and the arrangement of Valenciennes lace with the white crêpe de Chine and tulle are very lovely



MODELS FROM LUCILE



She wears a turban wound like any Turk's and the cape that Lucile is bringing to the fore. Lest grey chemise should not be overwarm, there are wristlets and pockets of skunk

When we try to describe such a gown as this, we get no further than the phrase 'very sheer Chantilly and black tulle over silver cloth' and—Lucile's art.

seen, with checks in new forms. Striped jerseys and silk jerseys with a very large mesh are smarter than any material we have had for a long time. For afternoons, there are simple little frocks of foulard or of shantung, made in two pieces, a long chemise and a narrow skirt, which are often banded with the same material. They seem to have been definitely created for the tea hour at which they are worn.

SOME CHARMING ORIGINALITIES IN SLEEVES

It is in the sleeves of the gowns that couturiers will show their greatest originality. In six months or so, we shall see them in a hundred new varieties. They are both short and long, but never perfectly simple. When they are tight at the top, they are cut off at the elbow and continue from there in a wide cuff. Sometimes the cuff is open and joined only by strings of beads. Sometimes there are "mitten" sleeves coming far down over the hand. The top part may then be slashed, leaving the arm bare, and the opening may be edged with paillettes or pearls or with a fantastic galon. We see this sleeve even in a daytime frock of wool. Another pretty conceit is to leave the bottom of the sleeve wide and open in two pointed ears and to line these with a coloured silk in contrast to the gown itself. Two buckles, or knots of heavy faille, often mark the opening of the points. Large sleeves, called "à la Juive," are double, as in the Lanvin gown at the lower left of page 43. There is a tight undersleeve of fine gold lace, or embroidered tulle, which comes down over the hand. Over this there is an open



Terra cotta tulle, too, is the silver brocade silk, and the side cut for the long straight skirt and draped the ankles tightly in the way that the designer says the new skirts should go.

sleeve, wide and ample, of chiffon; its edges are trimmed with beads and are caught at the wrist with a band of beads, pearls, or passementerie. The metallic effect in the undersleeve is better than that of duller lace.

To sum up the matter, one may say that no sleeve dares to be in one piece. Either the top is open, slashed, or cut in some fashion, or the cuff is diversified in some manner. The pieces often seem to be held together by nothing short of a miracle. This amusing play of sleeves, with the unexpected and original collars, is the most completely characteristic note in the fashions of the season.

WAR WORKERS AND THE MODE

One must give grateful recognition to those devoted women who are with such good will carrying on the actual work of Paris at the present time; to the *femmes militaires*, with their uniforms, khaki or blue, their military belts, and their policemen's helmets; to the subway guards and 'bus conductors, with their caps and insignia; to the nurses with their capes and floating veils; to all the others who are making life possible in this topsy-turvy world.

It is strange to observe that, in spite of the adoption of uniforms and in spite of the mannish headgear, women of refinement are not giving up the smaller niceties of apparel. Silk stockings are under the khaki puttees; underclothes remain fine and dainty; and high-heeled shoes are so much the mode, even among war workers, that Professor Quénu, of the Academy of Medicine, has just made a report of them to his colleagues, under the pretext that they compromise the future of the race. Unfortunately for his argument, women remember that though high heels were introduced into France by Catherine de Medici and remained in fashion until the Revolution, to be resumed after 1870, modern Frenchmen have proved capable of greater endurance in this war than their ancestors would have considered possible. Such soldiers as ours prove that the high heels of their mothers have not really hurt their constitutions very much. So women may continue to wear high heels in spite of Professor Quénu, if this is the only argument to be brought against them and if they find them really an added attraction. However, to display our footwear to the best advantage, we must learn to walk well. One really should be taught to walk as carefully as one is taught to dance. Perhaps we shall have a revival of lessons in deportment; it would not be at all a bad idea, it seems to me.

ON THE PARIS STAGE

In the theatres we still have an opportunity to see the creations and the whimsicalities which our life of work denies us. For the actresses and the dressmakers alter actual life as an author changes his *mise en scène*. On the boards they can give full rein to their imagination and create really new things—always new things. At the Théâtre Antoine, in the play of François Porché, "*La Finette et les Butors*," Madame Simone is wearing some robes from Chéruit, which exquisitely express the character of the Frenchwoman,



Braun

This photograph of Jane Rénouardt, who plays at the Théâtre du Gymnase in "*Petite Reine*," is from a pastel on view at the Georges Petit Galleries in Paris. The artist, Gustave Brisgand, is a well-known French pastel portraitist.



Rita Martin

Idare of London put charm and individuality into this short reefer, with its straight jaunty folds. It may be of navy blue gabardine, collared and bordered with mole and brocade silk, and worn with a close waistcoat of gold tissue

with all its lightness and brilliancy, and at the same time suit the hour when she is called upon to display nobility in the face of adversity.

The gown of the first act is a sort of modern Watteau costume and is made to be worn in the sun-drenched park of an out-of-door fête. There is much fullness in the skirt of pink taffeta, on which there is a ladder arrangement of twists of velvet in the same shade. This frock was pictured on page 30 of the February first issue of Vogue. At the sides of the skirt there are the two longer sections of the sort already mentioned. Under her big shady hat with its twist of royal blue ribbon, Madame Simone appeared younger and more vibrant than ever.

In the second act, she appears in silver lamé, accentuated with a bright red, and she looks like Bellona, under her great diadem of diamonds, as she makes her impassioned appeal to her peasants and her entourage for courage and fortitude at the beginning of the war.

A PRESENTATION OF GREAT INTEREST

In this presentation there was an added interest in the very curious scenery, revived from the antique theatre, with the same sort of proscenium that is used at the present day in Japan. The strong acting of Simone and of Gémier, who gave such a splendid interpretation of "*The Merchant of Venice*" recently at the same theatre, were the other features of the performance. The dress rehearsal was a

rendezvous of all who are interested in the arts. Everywhere in the boxes and in the orchestra seats were famous people and many fashionable women. The first night was given for the benefit of the canteens at the front, and that fact in itself guaranteed a smart audience; the Comtesse de Beaumont is at the head of this organization, in which many American women are also interested.

The third model worn by Madame Simone is very simple; it is of dark blue silk, tucked up on the hips and open in front over a narrow vest of white linen, edged with a cherry-coloured ribbon and appears on page 41.

At the Athénée, Madame Madeleine Lély wears in "*Le Marchand d'Estampes*," by Georges de Porto-Riche, two toilettes which express well her rôle, that of Madame Auburtin. These frocks are simple, but there is grace in the way in which they are slightly gathered at the waist. One of them is of a neutral tone, chosen to go with the big cloak of brown, entirely lined with fur, which is the Paris accompaniment of a morning's shopping.

SEEN IN THE AUDIENCE

The women in the audience showed great elegance of dress. Those in the orchestra seats wore frocks a good deal cut out in the neck, though not exactly the pre-war décolleté, and no hats. The bodices were very transparent and were laid in tucks, or had jewelled or metallic incrustations, and generally, when they were black, the gowns were enlivened with a touch of gilt or silver braid. These metal ribbons often seen as girdles, are never banal. In the same way, when the décolleté is edged with embroidery, in *lunaire* blue, or some other colour, it is always veiled in tulle.

J. R. F.

NEW YORK LIVES ON TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY

Although the New York Woman Assumes the Rôle of Anything from Typist to Mechanic, She Has Time, Occasionally, to Be Her Own Decorative Self



Mrs. Angier B. Duke appeared at the opera recently in a white gown that had borrowed the quaint old lines of the gowns of 1830



Mrs. William Miller Graham wore, one evening at the opera, a diamond and platinum necklace that seemed to tie in a bow-knot



Mrs. Amos Pinchot is the beautifully coiled person who has two jeweled amber crescents tucked in the coils of her hair



At the wedding of Miss Alta Fitch, one of the guests wore this straw turban; the aigrettes are laid crisscross on top



The wearer of this quill-trimmed turban slips the jeweled heads of the arrose pins on after the pin is thrust through

duties of the feminine chauffeur are frequently trying to the spirit as well as to the flesh. Said one of them the other day: "I would willingly wear my fingers to the bone and the wheels of my car to the hub driving wounded Sammies to the hospital, but when it comes to 'taxi-ing' a perfectly well officer from Brooks Brothers to Mark Cross and then back to the Ritz, and sitting outside while he entertains my best friend at luncheon, I want to strike." Only persuasion kept the member in form.

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When she attended a Bagby musicale, Mrs. James Lowell Putnam wore a black costume relieved only by jewels



Mrs. Roche was sketched lately at the Toy Spaniel Show making her tiny Pomeranian, which made a charming picture nestled against her skin coat

The day of the New York woman is crowded to the brim. At nine-thirty in the morning it is not possible to catch any erstwhile woman of leisure at home. She is at her canteen, her class of nursing, her stenographic lesson, or her cooking-school. Should she belong to one of the motor corps, she spends anywhere from six to twelve hours a day acquiring a knowledge of things heretofore confined exclusively to the province of the chauffeur. One no longer hears animated discussions as to the best method of reducing flesh. It has been found. In odd moments she wonders how to keep a little flesh on her bones. There is something about getting down and tinkering with a differential or struggling with a recreant bolt that causes one to lose pounds by the minutes. Then, too, the



Mrs. William Miller Graham wore this gorgeous black and gold brocade cloak to the hospital benefit given by Mrs. and Mrs. Morton Plant



White Studio

CAPTAIN MAURICE BURKE ROCHE AND ENSIGN FRANCIS BURKE ROCHE

This photograph of Captain Maurice Burke Roche and his twin brother, Ensign Francis Burke Roche, was taken at Plattsburg while the sailor brother was visiting the soldier, before either of them had received a commission. These two young men are sons of Mrs. Roche, who was Miss Fanny Work. Before war was declared they were familiar figures in New York society, but with the coming of war they disappeared completely from social activities. Maurice Burke Roche is now a captain in the Army and is stationed at Camp Dix, while Francis Burke Roche is an ensign and expects to be detailed shortly to a battleship or cruiser. The brothers are descended from a very distinguished old Irish family and are nephews of Baron Fermoy. Another uncle married the daughter of Viscount Goschen, and an aunt is the wife of Count Hochberg. The example of these young men should be a stimulus to recruiting



In its big drive for 50,000 volunteers, the U.S. Navy is issuing many posters, each one an inspiring argument in itself. This poster is by the English artist, Frank Brangwyn, who is one of the official artists of the War Office.

RECRUIT ONE MAN FOR THE NAVY!

AT number 34 East 23rd St., New York, crowded in between a haberdasher's and a confectioner's, is a commonplace unassuming doorway somewhat inconspicuously labelled "U. S. Navy Recruiting Station." And through this doorway, in the last six months, some eight thousand two hundred and twelve men have passed from civilian life into a life of service to their country. In one single morning, but a few weeks past, twenty-two men took the oath of allegiance, and among them were two policemen, two firemen, one street-cleaner, one subway guard, two bank clerks, one lawyer, one doctor, several machinists, the manager of the most popular leather shop in New York, and Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the author, pastor, and ex-ambassador to Holland.

Scattered throughout the United States are many similar doorways through which are passing the best and bravest of the manhood of this country. The number of volunteers is encouragingly large—and all who join the Navy are volunteers—but we are told that it must be still larger. If we are to do all that the world expects us to do, all that it is plainly our duty to do, in the next few months we must have fifty thousand new men in the Navy. And while it is men who are needed, it is women who must help to bring them to these doorways.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR EVERY WOMAN

There are few women who could not make themselves responsible for one or more recruits. Probably there is no woman who reads this magazine who could not do so. Not, perhaps, by speaking on street-corners, or driving a patriotically draped car through the country, although these methods have proved extremely effective; not by writing articles or painting posters; and not alone by sending forth her sons, her brothers, and her husband. For every woman comes in almost daily contact with the butcher boy, the grocer boy, the newsboy, or the man who sells her milk and butter or stationery or coal or electricity. Almost every woman has an opportunity (or can make one) to use her influence to get these and other men to join the Navy. And this influence, skillfully and intelligently applied, will bring results, for it is not cowardice nor lack of patriotism which hinders men from doing their part in this war. It is ignorance. It is ignorance of

The Readers of Vogue Can Alone
Raise More Men Than Our Navy
Needs If Each Reader Will Pledge
Herself to Recruit One Man

the urgent need for men and ignorance concerning the Navy itself. It is, therefore, every woman's duty to inform herself on this subject, to keep the matter in her mind, and to educate the men with whom she comes in contact.

No woman has been more successful at recruiting than Mrs. Margaret Crumpacker, Commandant of the Woman's Auxiliary for Naval Recruiting. Mrs. Crumpacker personally has brought hundreds of men into the Navy, and her organization has recruited still greater numbers. She is a gifted speaker, and it is her speeches that have been most influential in this respect. But Mrs. Crumpacker feels certain that throughout the country there are women who could speak as she is speaking if they would but realize their power and make the attempt. However, many of her recruits are boys who have not been to her meetings or heard her speak—boys with whom she has come in contact in the ordinary ways in which we all meet many potential sailors. And those who have joined the Navy because of her are glad and grateful for her influence. She has


hundreds of letters from these boys, letters which are full of enthusiasm for the new life, which tell of the interesting work, of the good food, of an increase in weight, and of the kindness and care which are given the men of the Navy.

After all, it is a very wonderful opportunity that is being placed before these boys. For one full year after they have become a part of the Navy, they will be an expense rather than an investment. For one full year the government will clothe them, feed them, educate them, and pay them without return. The best experts in every line will devote their time and their intellects to giving these men as much as possible in the shortest possible time. The greatest care and attention will be given to the question of their health. And at the end of the year they will be worth enough to the government to justify this great expense. How immeasurably much more will they be worth to their business, their own families, and to themselves.

WHAT ENLISTMENT MEANS

The recruit, as we have said, begins his service by being sworn into the navy at the recruiting station in which he has enlisted. Formerly, a recruit enlisted for four or more years. Those enlisting now may enlist for the duration of the war only—a point which will attract many who wish to serve their country in its time of need but do not wish an unnecessarily long career in the navy. The recruit is then sent to a training station in Newport, if he has enlisted in New York, near the Great Lakes, if he has enlisted in the Middle West, and in one of several other stations if he enlists in the Far West. In times of peace he would stay at these stations for six months, but during these days he remains but six or eight weeks. And this is not only because of the urgency of our need for men; it is because the war has called out a higher type of man, and the incentive has spurred him to a greater energy and concentration which actually accomplishes the same amount of work in this shorter period of time. At the training-station the man is judged by his ability, former experience, interest, and particularly his obedience and is detailed accordingly for more special training at some other point. One interesting station is the land battleship, the

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VOGUE

19 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

As one of your readers, I pledge myself to do my utmost to recruit one man for the Navy.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

LAND SERVICE *for* PATRIOTIC AMERICAN WOMEN

Women of Every Class Should Unite in This

Practical Organization Which Proposes to Sup-

ply Women Farm Workers to Manless Farms

By GRACE CRAWLEY OAKLEY

THERE are strikes and rumours of strikes, and the end is not yet. Unless they affect personal convenience, one scans the accounts of them as of something remote, hardly real. But suppose at the time of harvest the farmers of the country should form a union and rise up in revolt. Suppose they should refuse to work any longer under the multiple difficulties which constantly confront them. The result of a few weeks cessation of farm labour at a critical period would be irreparable for a whole year. It would mean famine and starvation for this nation as well as for others.

NEED FOR WOMEN FARMERS

The digestion of this fact makes one realize how vitally important properly run farms are. But just at this moment the farmers of the country, and indeed the wealthy owners of large estates as well, are facing a serious dilemma. Under the best of conditions they have never been able to procure sufficient labour, and now a large proportion of the men who might be available have been drafted. Even the agriculturist who is fortunate enough to secure help by the month or by the year cannot, as a good business man, afford to maintain a large enough force to cope with the emergencies of planting and harvest. Both present a short period which demands the most rapid work. Foodstuffs

A plan to serve farm bureaus includes units of women workers. Particularly designed for the sturdy woman is a costume with pockets and a flaring coat

ripening in the fields will not await one's convenience to be cultivated or garnered. Crops, if not given just the proper attention at the right moment, have the most annoying way of becoming choked with weeds, falling victim to all kinds of insect enemies, and of rotting and dying. So life on a farm, instead of being dull and monotonous, is to the imaginative a series of lively adventures, of crises which demand heroic action. The farmer must have extra assistance just when he needs it. To help him



In breeches and a loosely belted Russian blouse, one may till the soil comfortably and be the best sort of aid to the Government at the same time



out he is turning—where? Where men have gone when in difficulties since the very beginning—to us—to the women.

The movement had its inception in England. England (that is, the island which comprises England, Scotland, and Wales) is a very small country, only about the size of Kansas. Yet, when the war came, England sent millions of men to the front. Of course the land suffered, and on the land depended the food, and on the food the very lives of the people. There, as here, women stepped into the breach.

THE MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND

"In England, effective land service for women is after all not such a difficult accomplishment," says Miss Helen Fraser, a member of the British National War Savings Committee, an official of the British Treasury, and an active worker in and organizer of all kinds of women's war activities. Agriculture in England is conducted according to very different methods from ours. The country is all under intensive cultivation. It is composed of large estates, owned by the lord of the manor, or the "squire." These estates are divided into smaller farms worked by tenants, and the labourers, who are employed by the tenants, in turn have their cottages. The lady of the manor is frequently, particularly if she takes a keen interest in the welfare of her people, a sort of arbitress of social, economical, and moral problems. The Englishwoman of title, who is also a country gentlewoman, understands all about farming and farm problems. This made the matter of organization in England very simple. Sixty-three Women's County War Agricultural Committees were created, for propaganda, to increase the production of home gardens in villages and to register women for work on the land and arrange for their distribution. First a meeting was held in a village, and then a house to house canvass was made. Women were enlisted for whole or part-time service, and those who could do housework to better advantage than heavy farm work were substituted in homes to release others for land

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© Underwood & Underwood

Lettuce and cauliflower are grown under glass bells by the English women who are very efficiently showing the possibilities of intensive culture. Note the Government insignia for efficient service which the worker on the right wears on her arm.

M A K E R S o f M U S I C

Two Opera Companies
Are Drawn Up for
Battle in New York

By **HIRAM KELLY
MODERWELL**



Burke Atwell

With Rosa Raisa in the title rôle and Giacomo Rimini as King Raimondo in Mascagni's "Isabeau," New York has at last seen this much-discussed opera



© Morfett

Geneviève Fix, the French soprano from the Paris Opéra Comique, is now with the Chicago Opera Company. Mlle. Fix belongs to the school of those who can act as well as sing



Lucien Muratore, who sang here several seasons ago in "Monsieur Fanni," gives an artistic interpretation of the rôle of Romeo in Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette"



Victor Georg

Amelita Galli-Curci, in whose praise all words have been exhausted, comes to us trailing clouds of glory from her triumphs in Chicago and her concert tours

AN "opera war" is the most entertaining sort of belligerency which the world has yet devised. Real war, even if it were possible to observe it as an impartial spectator, contains relatively little that is dramatic; it is fought by machinery and proves to be a slow, monotonous, heartless grinding of the wheels. But an "opera war," in which two companies play in the same large city for the verdict of the public, as the Metropolitan and Chicago companies have been playing in New York, furnishes all the excitement of the battles we used to read about in the story books and none of the sickening reality of a military struggle.

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© Matzner

Gualo Crimi sings the tenor rôles in "The Jewels of the Madonna," "Isabeau," and also "La Bohème," with Milla at their reappearance in New York

ACTOR FOLK WHO REPRESENT THE BEST TO BE SEEN IN THE NEW YORK THEATRES TO-DAY



Arnold Genthe

Margaret Anglin came back to New York in "Billeted," and gave Broadway the privilege of seeing the finest actress in high comedy that may be seen in the theatre of this country to-day, playing, moreover, with an excellent cast



Maurice Goldberg

Estelle Winwood, that picturesque young actress who held us so long in "A Successful Calamity," is now playing with great charm in "Why Marry?" an unusually brilliant comedy with an underlying strain of seriousness



(Below) In "Why Marry?" Nat Goodwin makes many pungent remarks on matrimony, which he does with all of his old-time humour, much to the delight of the audience



Lewis Smith

Sydney Shields appears in that uproarious farce of well-known Palais Royal pattern, "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath"; this is the most important rôle Sydney Shields has had



© Matzen



Charlotte Fairchild

Fania Marinoff was entrusted with the title rôle of "Karen Borneman," that impressive, though gloomy, play from the Danish produced by the Greenwich Village Theatre



In the "Cohan Revue 1918," Nora Bayes mimics all the things that Mrs. Fiske does best in "Madame Sand" and sings an entertaining song (with a practical demonstration) about a "big black cigar"

S E E N o n t h e S T A G E

THE career of "*La Dame aux Camélias*" is, in many ways, unique in the annals of the theatre. In the opinion of the best French critics, (and the French are very careful in their criticism) this play has never been regarded as a masterpiece, nor was it rated very highly by the author himself; yet, though six and sixty years have now elapsed since the date when it was first produced in Paris, "*La Dame aux Camélias*" is still popular throughout the theatre of the world, and bids fair to be applauded a century from now, when the later and greater plays of the same writer have been relegated to the library.

Alexandre Dumas fils was born in 1824; and he was scarcely more than twenty-one when he wrote his first successful novel and called it "The Lady of the Camellias." The material was drawn directly from his own immediate experience of that "demi-monde" of Paris to which he had been introduced by his prodigal and reckless father. As he said in later years, this youthful narrative was "the echo, or rather, the re-action, of a personal emotion." The book was immature, and sentimental, and immoral; but, in the turbulent days which anteceded the Revolution of 1848, it made a momentous impression on the reading public. The project of dramatization was suggested to the author; and he asked the advice of his famous father, who was perhaps the ablest playwright of the period. The elder Dumas reported to his son, regretfully, that it was impossible to turn the novel into a practicable play; and Alexandre Dumas père nearly always had the right idea in regard to questions of success or failure in the theatre.

THE WRITING OF "CAMILLE"

Nevertheless, the youthful writer decided to waste a week or two in an attempt to dramatize his novel. He retired to the country, and wrote the play in eight successive days. Since the piece is in four acts, it will be noted that he allowed himself precisely two days for the composition of each act. It may be doubted if any other play which has held the stage for more than half a century has ever been written so quickly and so easily; but of course we must remember that the author was already familiar with his plot and with his characters before he sat down to write the dialogue of his play.

There Is a Great Deal of Interesting Material in the New York Theatres To-day; Several Comedies and Two Excellent Revivals

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

Yet, after the play had been completed, there was a doubt for many months that it would ever be produced. Although it had been dramatized from a successful novel, and although it was signed by the son of one of the most famous novelists and dramatists of France, it was rejected by nearly every theatre in Paris. After three years of hopeless wandering, the manuscript was ultimately accepted at the Vaudeville, only to be interdicted by the censorship. After new delays occasioned by political contentions, "*La Dame aux Camélias*" was finally produced in Paris, at the Vaudeville, on February 2, 1852. The author was, at that time, less than twenty-eight years old. The piece achieved an instantaneous success in France, and has since been added to the repertory of every other nation in the theatre-going world. It may be doubted if any other play composed since the initiation of the modern drama in 1830 has been so continuously popular in every country of the habitable globe.

THE REAL WORTH OF "CAMILLE"

In the opinion of those disinterested critics whose judgment is not conditioned by the verdict of the box-office, "*La Dame aux Camélias*" has always been regarded as inferior to many of its author's later plays, and especially to his admitted masterpiece, "*Le Demi-Monde*." According to the judgment of the present commentator—reviewing for the moment half a century of history—Alexandre Dumas fils wrote, first and last, no less than half a dozen dramas which are more important, from the point of view of art, than this youthful effort that was smothered at white heat. The faults of "*La Dame aux Camélias*" are many and apparent. The view of life expressed is sentimental, immature, and in the main untrue. The thesis is immoral, because we are asked to sympathize with an erring woman by reason of the unrelated fact that she happens to be afflicted with tuberculosis. In the famous "big scene" between the heroine and the elder Duval, the old man is absolutely right; yet the sympathy of every spectator is immorally seduced against him, as if his justified position were preposterous and cruel. The pattern of the play is faulty, because it rises too quickly to its climax—or turning-point—at the end of the second act, and thereafter leads the public down a



Charlotte Falchild

In a rather modernized version of "*La Dame aux Camélias*," Ethel Barrymore played Marguerite Gautier to the Armand Duval of Conway Tearle

descending ladder to a lame and impotent conclusion. In the last act, the coughing heroine—like Charles II—is an unconscionable time a-dying. The writing of the dialogue is artificial and rhetorical. Indeed, this noted play exhibits many, many faults.

Why, then, has it held the stage for more than half a century? And why, if it is not a great drama, does "*La Dame aux Camélias*" still seem destined to enjoy a long life in the theatre? The obvious answer to this question leads us to explore an interesting by-path in the politics of the theatre. This celebrated piece is continually set before the public because every actress who seeks a reputation for the rendition of emotional rôles desires, at some stage of her career, to play the part of Marguerite Gautier—or, as the heroine is called more commonly in this country, Camille. This part is popular with actresses for the same reason that the part of Hamlet is popular with actors. Both rôles are utterly actor-proof; and anybody who appears in the title-part of either piece is almost certain to record a notable accretion to a growing reputation. No man has ever absolutely failed as Hamlet; and no woman has ever absolutely failed as Camille. On the other hand, an adequate performance of either of these celebrated parts offers a quick and easy means for adding one's name to a long and honourable list, and being ranked by future commentators among a great and famous company of predecessors.

Here, then, we have a drama which is kept alive because of the almost accidental fact that it contains a very easy and exceptionally celebrated part that every ambitious actress wants to play. "*La Dame aux Camélias*" is brought back to the theatre, decade after decade, not by reason of the permanent importance of the author, but by reason of the recurrent aspirations of an ever-growing group of emotional actresses.

The current production of "*The Lady of the Camellias*" in New York is due to the justified ambition of Miss Ethel Barrymore. Miss Barrymore is a very able actress, and deserves to have her hour with this celebrated play. The present commentator is comparatively young, and can remember personally only those performances of Camille that have been rendered, in the last twenty years, by Helena Modjeska, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanora Duse, Réjane, Agnes Sorma, Olga Nethersole, Margaret Anglin, and Virginia Harned. After mature reflection—though trusting to a memory that is already dimmed—I am inclined to rank the value of these several performances in the very order in which they have been mentioned. Modjeska—I am sure—whose repetition of this play I witnessed not less than fifteen times—was the greatest Marguerite that I have ever seen; but I carry in the background of my mind a recollection, more or less distinct, of all the others. In my opinion—which has no value whatsoever except as a personal expression—I feel inclined to rank Miss Barrymore's attempt so highly as the seventh in this list of different renditions that I have actually studied. Miss Barrymore's Camille is appealing and effective; but it cannot be considered in the same class as the performances delivered by Modjeska, Bernhardt, Duse, or Réjane.

"THE LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS"

The one thing which I find both difficult to understand and to forgive, in considering the current repetition of "*La Dame aux Camélias*," is the tampering with the text that has evidently been commissioned by Miss Barrymore. Assuredly, a very famous piece that dates from 1852—if deemed worthy of a new appeal to public patronage—should be presented frankly as a play of 1852; and there is no reason whatsoever for disguising its historic date beneath a camouflage of those conventions that have recently become established on Broadway.



Davis and Sanford

Laurette Taylor again enchants us with the old sweet smile and bewitching little ways of "*Peg O' My Heart*"; this time it is as Jenny in "*Happiness*"



Victor Georg

Maxine Elliott and William Faversham revived that comedy of manners, "*Lord and Lady Algy*," which played in New York for four weeks

It is as silly to cut out the soliloquies and the asides from a play of 1852 as it would be senseless to suppress the soliloquies of "*Hamlet*."

Mr. Edward Sheldon, in attempting to "improve" the text of an author who is commonly regarded as the foremost French dramatist of the nineteenth century, has chosen to discard the great soliloquy of the heroine as she writes her farewell letter to Armand (and this soliloquy will be recalled as the finest passage in the play by anybody who remembers the performance of Modjeska); he has decided to suppress the reappearance of the elder Duval in the midst of the gambling-scene, and has transformed this whole third act into a sort of Greenwich Village masquerade; and he has enclosed the entire text (in pursuance of the pattern exemplified in his own play, called "*Romance*") within the framework of a prologue and an epilogue that accentuate, instead of lessening, the traits of artificiality apparent in the piece itself.

These frantic efforts to disguise an old play as a new play defeat themselves. It would be just as reasonable to require Hamlet to call up Polonius on the telephone, in order to establish a scientific reason for the reading of the famous soliloquy on suicide.—"Is that you, old man?—This is Hamlet,—yes, H-A-M-L-E-T, Prince of Denmark.—I have something on my mind. Here it is—are you listening?—To be or not to be:—that is the question' . . ."

Any resurrection from the past should be undertaken in a mood which admits a fitting reverence for the conventions of the past; and, though the younger Dumas has been honourably dead for many years, there is no reason why a Broadway playwright (even though his name is hidden underneath a mask of anonymity) should be commissioned to rewrite the text of one of the most celebrated dramatists of recent times.

"BILLETED"

"Billeted," by H. M. Harwood and F. Tennyson Jesse (a grand-niece of the poet laureate) is a brilliant comedy of manners suggested by the social exigencies arising from the present war. This clever comedy affords a temporary medium for one of the ablest actresses who make our current stage illustrious.

Betty Taradine is a grass-widow who has been parted from her husband for more years than she cares to count. In her comfortable country-house she is assigned, by government decree, to entertain a certain Colonel Preedy and his adjutant. The sister of the local vicar starts a rumour that the situation is improper, by reason of the incidental fact that Betty Taradine is not entirely a widow. The heroine loses little time in defending her position against this pious intimation of immorality. She has every reason to believe her absent husband to be dead; and now she sends herself a telegram in which his death is formally announced.

A moment or two after the delivery and publication of this fabricated message, Colonel Preedy's adjutant appears upon the scene. His name is Captain Rymill; but we soon discover that, despite his *nom de guerre*, he is no other than the missing Mr. Taradine. The comic possibilities of the resultant situation are so apparent that the further course of the play need not be reported in detail.

"Billeted" is deftly built, and written with original and clever wit. It is one of the few plays disclosed in recent weeks that may be guaranteed to entertain the most discriminating patrons of our theatre. Also, it is beautifully acted. Miss Margaret Anglin is, as everybody knows, the finest actress in high comedy that may be seen to-day in the theatre of this country; and she has moreover succeeded in assembling a cast of uniform and quite uncustomary excellence.

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A R T

By MARION E. FENTON

JOHN LAVERY, the brilliant Irish portrait painter of London, has given New York a surprise this winter by exhibiting at the Kraushaar Galleries seventeen canvases of which only one, "Aida, a Moorish Maid," has even the slightest claim to portraiture. Driven out of England, as it were, by the war, he has sought refuge for his art in southern France and along the coast of Spain and has delighted in painting their sea and shore. In these canvases there is less consciousness and studied effect, less pride perhaps in the mere mastery of his brush, than appears in his portraits. If one would trace this effect back to its source, or, better, seek the point of view of the painter as he works, he would find it akin to the Japanese in simplicity and flatness of effect, and, like their flat tones, vibrant with life and colour. Without the bigness of vision or power of expression that Whistler possessed, Lavery has taken a leaf from his note-book and painted with less subtlety and more definite expression of form, not the twilight and the mist that held such magic for Whistler, but an earlier hour and more brilliant light. With repeated success and charm, he has painted the long point of land stretching out along the horizon into the sea; it may be with brilliant streaks of sunset in a grey blue sky and sea, or with violet cloud, or with clear green of sea and gold of sand. He often introduces small moving figures at one with their shadows, as in "The Green Sea," to give that note of human interest and spot of colour so sought by painters, but more often he paints the narrow strip of foreground sand with nothing to break it and the vision beyond to the horizon. At times so ignored is the foreground, so full of interest the distance, that it recalls the trite saying, "Anyone can paint distance, but few can paint foreground." It is not a fair general criticism of Lavery's work, although in such canvases as "Evening, Sacoa," "A Still Morning," and "Evening," the foreground seems out of key with the sea and the distance. Yet in "The Lakes of Killarney," seen from the hill across the Irish cemetery, the whole is so ably handled as to give a foreground of interest subdued to the atmospheric effect and the light and shadow that falls across the lakes. There is in these marines



(Above) John Lavery has painted "The Green Sea" with simplicity of effect and vibration of colour worthy of a Japanese



(Left) "Do, Reverence—for I will breathe on thee with a favourable breeze, in love, or on the bright-lipped sea," Davies has entitled this

something fresh and lightly touched in, as in the intangible smoke from the boat in "Twilight," as though the painter were expressing himself freely, spontaneously painting the thing he saw, with none of the restraint or striving for effect that at times hamper the portrait painter.

The long-heralded loan exhibition of the work of Arthur B. Davies was held during January at the Macbeth Gallery for the aid of men blinded in battle. It was a retrospective exhibition including paintings in oil and in water-colour, drawings, etchings, and sculpture to show the many mediums which Davies had at hand through which to express his art. Like all exhibitions which cover the work of many years of an artist's life and show his growth or retrogression, both mental and technical, it offered an interesting study of the man and his art. He has travelled far from his early rich warm-toned Italian canvases, his "Madonna" and the "Virgin Girl," through his pre-Raphaelite type and cool greyed colours of "Sleep," to his less poetic, less wholesome, sketched and accented symbolism that seems, as he expresses it, not fraught with meaning. From there his art has continued falling under the spell of the angular and a certain brutality, as in "The Dancers." Such canvases as "Sleep" are painted with poetry and charm, with a rhythmic flow of line not yet marred by the triangle and the cube. In it he has used the decorator's accent of line to express modelling and gradation of colour in place of more studied, more subtle, and solid painting. It is this love of the effect gained by expression in line with little of actual modelling within it which

has lured him on in his more recent work to thinner painting and paler colour. In some of his work there is something almost exotic, with beauty of colour and study of pattern that pleases, yet back of it all is the feeling that the flower of his art is not that of the free and wind-swept open, but that nurtured under the forced conditions of the hothouse.

Under the auspices of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's Studio, an interesting exhibition of sculpture by Andrew O'Connor was held, during early January, at the Seligmann Galleries for the benefit of

(Continued on page 71)

Far from what one has come to expect from Lavery the portrait painter is his "Maison—Louis XIV, St. Jean de Luz," shown at the Kraushaar Galleries



Line and soft colour characterize the later work of Davies as in "The Glide," a water-colour at the recent exhibition of his work at the Macbeth Galleries

THE NEWEST SPRING HATS SHOW COUNT-

LESS VARIATIONS ON THE TURBAN THEME;

SOME ARE TRIMMED AND SOME ARE NOT

A BRIM THAT IS UNEXPECTEDLY WIDE AT

THE FRONT AND SIDE FRONT IS A WHIM

ADOPTED BY MANY A NEW SPRING HAT



To be just to oneself, one should be biased in the matter of hats, for this season ever so many are one-sided affairs—on the right side, of course



Since Paris manner is just one turban after another, a hat like this, with upstanding brim and two independent quills, is a wise choice



When hats are large they are very very large that one doesn't need to carry a parasol at all. This one is a black liséré trimmet also with a large mille fastened by straw



She is in the path of fashion although her hat brim is so exaggerated as to the side front that she finds it difficult to keep in any other path

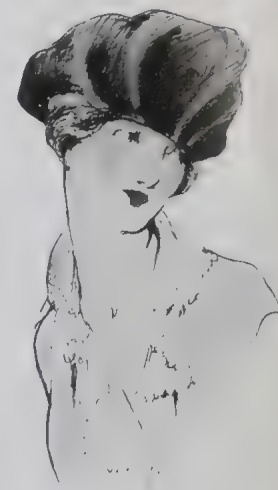
HATS FROM BRUCK WEISS



It must have been an ingenious designer who turned this hat up at back and front and tied it in that dashing and audacious bow on top

EXPRESSING moods by millinery is by no means as absurd as it sounds, for every woman has experienced days when she wore a small turban shape for no better reason than because she felt like it, or a large drooping one simply because she didn't feel "tailored." And here are six hats that will cover a multitude of moods. The first, sketched at the top of the page, is a turban shape with an upstanding brim of black liséré and a soft crown of black satin with cordings at either side. There are two made quills which give a becoming height. At the upper left is a hat of black satin which shows the new spring tendency towards an exaggerated width at the side or side front. This hat turns directly up at the back and is slightly rolled at one side. The crown is rather low and round and a sweep of black gaura begins at the back and extends across the front. Another hat which is wider at one side than at the other, is sketched at the upper right. It is of black liséré, turned up at the back and rolling at the side front, and is faced with Natier blue faille. A shaded rose trims the underside of the brim at the back.

Sketched in the middle of the page is a large hat of black liséré with a high crown and a wide brim. Around the crown is a band of French blue faille and three rows of the faille held in place by narrow clasps of the straw. There is no other trimming. At the lower left of this page is a hat of brown milan straw faced with brown satin. This hat turns up abruptly at the back and front and seems to tie at the very top with an extreme bow of the straw faced with the satin. The small hat at the lower right would be especially charming for a young girl. It is a tam o'shanter-like shape, described by its maker as an "Egyptian drape." It is made of soft navy blue milan hemp and is entirely untrimmed.



Nothing is more becomingly youthful than a softly draped turban. The designer calls this one an "Egyptian drape" and makes it of milan hemp

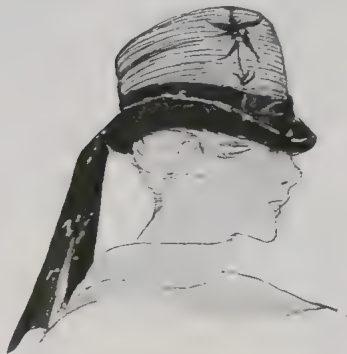
THE HATS OF SPRING ARE TRIMMED
WITH FRUITS AND FLOWERS AND FO-
LIAGE SUCH AS NATURE NEVER SAW,
AND ALL OF THEM, LARGE OR SMALL,
COVER THE COIFFURE COMPLETELY



When Paris interprets the Turkish turban, the turban—provided it is early spring—is quite capable of being black milan and black moire ribbon ornamented with orange blossom leaves around the crown



It has a cavalier air, and, like all cavaliers' hats, it has a plume. It is a waving one of dark brown, very becoming to the brown liséré and to the band of tan satin so softly draped about the high crown



ODETTE

The material, woven of fine threads of mustard and green straw, is unusual, but it is the ornament that really demands our respectful attention. The leaves—more wonderful than nature—are of green beads, and the berries are made of red tin

(Below) Sometimes these engagingly large black straw hats take charge of a situation so entirely as practically to obscure their wearers; but, encircled with beige ostrich feathers, they are to be excused on the ground of sheer charm



LUCIE HAMAR



FOUR HATS FROM VALENTINE ABOUT

No well-dressed-on-a-war-income woman needs to be told the usefulness of the black taffeta hat—it serves her admirably on so many occasions. This one has a band and ruffles of plaid ribbon



Large straw hats with trims that roll a bit on one side have a way of being becoming, but, with flowers or gilded and painted parchment, they have also a way of being disconcerting



LANVIN

Are we incredulous of warmer weather, or is it just that we cannot dispense with furs, or their reminders? Anyway, a soft furry straw has won its place. It makes a chic hat with a grey faille crown



THREE HATS FROM LEWIS

(Above) This is one of the successes that was made for Mlle. Greuze. It is of black straw, lined with black satin, and for trimming there are demure brides of cherry ribbon and two large pearl hatpins



ODETTE

It fits the head quite snugly, this little hat of rose straw, so it is all ready for windy March weather. And it hasn't a sign of a brim, unless a band of curling ostrich feathers could answer to that name

Mlle. Lilian Greuze (everyone remembers her success at the former Théâtre Français in New York) wears this hat of pearl grey. The liséré brim turns back over a straw crown, and there are two grey aigrettes



LANVIN

(Left) There are lots of spring suits that, as usual, simply will not be able to go without a turban of black milan. That up-standing border around the brim is, unexpectedly, a crinoline fringe

A Directoire mode was adapted in this hat of silk straw for Mlle. Greuze. Against its blue—a lovely marine shade—is a garland of anemones in many colours. Flowers, if unusual ones, are much favoured for trimming



IT IS NO EASY THING

TO MAKE HATS TO

MEET THE CHARMS OF

A FRENCH ACTRESS, BUT

LEWIS HAS ACHIEVED IT



FROCKS WHICH FOLLOW IN THE
NARROW PATHS PRESCRIBED
BOTH BY PARIS AND PATRIOTISM

(Right) She is all wrapped up in silk jersey—and no wonder, when jersey is so very becoming to the straight slim silhouette that is so popular in Paris. Not only her underdress, but also her overdress is of black silk jersey—but the overdress almost conceals the fact under solid embroidery of sapphire blue and a band of seal fur



Black satin and jet reduced to simplest terms make an informal evening frock that is a precise follower of the rules prescribed by Paris. It is straight, simple, and somewhat scant—three s's which are ever so much more patriotic than those fashionable f's of other years—full, fluffy, and fancy



It looks as though almost any one could make it—that's what proves that the designer was an artist. It's of black satin from its square neck to the wide band of taupe fur at the bottom. The bodice is embroidered in gold in a design which is another of those simple things it is so difficult to reproduce



Ruffles and frills are forbidden fruit these war-time days, but we may have embroidery to our heart's content. And surely nothing could be lovelier than the beige embroidery which trims the tunic and the collar and the vest of this frock of beige or marine blue serge

MODELS FROM CHANEL

THE FORMAL GARDENS *at* ATHELHAMPTON HALL

It Is Comparatively Easy to Restore and Furnish a Fine House, But Few Could Improvise Gardens Like These in Twenty-five Years

IN a preceding number we described the interior of Athelhampton Hall, of which we now give a view showing the West Wing, the Forecourt, the Old Doorway, and the Oriel in the angle between. The long stretch of windows in this wing, which contains the Great Parlour and the Long Gallery look on the Corona, the middle one of the three formal gardens, which is reached from the green court by a flight of wide stone steps, and is enclosed by a stone ramped wall surmounted by obelisks. All round are well-trimmed yew hedges cut into fantastic pyramids, and in the centre a stone fountain contributes its drowsy music, as of a land where it is always afternoon. The shade of Charles II. and his glittering entourage of courtiers and gallants, if ever he revisits the pale glimpses of the moon, would find himself at home here, and we may fancy the scurrying of the lesser sycophants, hurrying through short cuts to place themselves in a position where their humble bows would be remarked by majesty. A flight of nine steps leads from the Corona through a beautiful wrought-iron gate into the West Garden and so up to the Terrace. Note the way in which the wall curves up to make a pedestal for each little obelisk, while through its openings the setting of lawn and flower bed and path stretches on each side.

The old-fashioned stereotyped flower garden, which is so characteristic of the late eighteenth century and the professional gardener, has no place round such a house as this. The grounds are laid out to profit by the warm south-western breezes, and the beds show to advantage the graceful forms of the flowers and shrubs. The grass edgings form a wide frame to the inner lining of the borders, and are separated into distinct compositions by gravel walks—a combination not always successful, but in this case thoroughly in keeping with the Hall.



Once on a time, when even the greatest had to live on salt meat and venison for five months in the year, every great manor house had its manorial dovecote, kept for the purpose of supplying fresh food for its owner, too often, we may fear, at the expense of the neighbouring crops. As a consequence, when better farming prevailed, it became the interest of every one to destroy them, and to-day very few exist either in England or France. Athelhampton, as you see, has a fine and perfect culver-house, with nesting compartments for a thousand birds. It lies on the north side of the hall, and it still contains intact its original revolving ladder or potence by which each nest could be got at whenever the occupant was required to fulfil its last and supreme service. Culver, as you know, is medieval for pigeon.



The West Garden of Ashcombe, with its terraced wall and background of old trees, its sunk centre, its fishpond and its Sir John's marble fountain, its box-edged flower beds of all-world angular shape and regular irregular position makes a fitting close to the vista. What a charming seat is that on the Upper Terrace at the end, from which, at the close of a quiet summer's day, to look down the long slope on the old manor house, bathed in the light of the setting sun, and merge on its history.

The South Front of Ashcombe, looking out on the Green Court, is typically West of England. Its flagged terrace and stone balustrade are weathered in beauty. The terrace is flanked by a high end by the western and the eastern turret, and by a doorway in the wall which allows a passage into the forest. Looking down the Green Court, past the fish-pond with its fountain and the last stretch of grass, we can see through a gateway a vista stretching in the distance bordered by tall ancient trees.



This gateway opens on the Green Court about half-way down, and through it one can see the Corona, and beyond that the West Garden and the seat on the Upper Terrace at the end, almost lost to view. Nothing can excel the quiet and sober beauty of this outlook, which combines the Tudor richness and solidity with the late Stuart formality and care for regularity and well-ordered symmetry.



A costume that takes hold of one's imagination and causes one to think whimsical or amusing or fantastic thoughts, even amidst our everyday surroundings, is a true success. Poiret, in his salon in Paris, was, perhaps, amused by thoughts of other lands,—perhaps a bit of Oriental music or a hint of incense was the inspiration, for he made the lines of this tan cloth coat long and burr-nose like; the black velvet collar has the softness of a careless fold, and the two heavy black silk tassels sway when the wearer moves. The turban is of the tan cloth, too.



You can almost hear the French cock crowing triumphantly in the immediate vicinity,—that and a few stirring strains from the Marseillaise, just to show what real spirit is. The collar and cuffs "à la militaire" are of black astrakan, extremely striking on light grey broadcloth, and the frog made of stripings of black braid is an accent note, one of those little French gestures that make any statement final. Then, the indomitable little hat; it is made of the same material as the coat and it has a trimming—but only a little, mind you,—of black passementerie.



(Left) The astonishing thing about these designers is the way they can pass rapidly from one mood to another. The Parisienne can do that, too; that's why it's so much fun designing for her. It occurred to Poiret that the Parisienne would look charming as a peasant.—very well, she should have a peasant's costume, one of black taffeta and worn over (note the peasant simplicity) a white chignon blouse.

(Right) The skirt and part of the sleeves are of Indian chignon with a brown background, but printed with multicoloured designs,—the kind that have tiny bursts of flame colour and dashes of bright green and orange and softer notes of lovely dull blue. The brown silk bodice is a foil for the printed fabric.

THESE COSTUMES

WERE DESIGNED BY

POIRET FOR Mlle.

RAFALE OF THE

THÉÂTRE ANTOINE



WHAT MAY BE ACCOMPLISHED BY HANDICRAFT

IN the good old days, when woman's place was really in the home, because there was nothing to take her out of it, handicraft occupied the honourable place in the world which, perhaps, it never should have been made to yield. Of course, there were not enough homes to go around in those days, any more than there are now; so they solved the difficulty then by having the grandest dame in the neighbourhood take into her castle all her less fortunate sisters. And, as usual, the patroness made a pretty good thing of it. She had all her handwork done free in exchange for board and lodging, which, in the days when everyone paid his rent and taxes in material supplies to the castle, instead of to the county, could not have cost her much.

IN THE MIDDLE AGES

The chatelaine had her linens and woollens spun and woven by the women of her household, while the "ladies" seem to have turned their attention mainly to tapestry and embroidery. They were experts, as indeed they had to be, since handwork took the place of pictures, books, the theatre, cards, golf, and nearly every amusement and distraction known to the modern woman. Then it was the mode at one time for the nobility to wear their whole coats of arms; and these incorporated many kinds of beasts, fish, and feathered fowl, all very difficult to embroider, especially as there were no transfer patterns in those days. They had to be represented exactly, too, for false heraldry was the most disgraceful social faux pas, and led to all sorts of complications. In their tapestry, these gentlewomen did not balk at such subjects as the Creation itself, with the entire animal and vegetable kingdoms represented as truthfully as their knowledge permitted, and such historic family groups as Adam, Eve, and the Serpent in the foreground.

Ever since the beginning of things, women have enjoyed handwork. In fact we never had a feminist problem until machinery took the making of things away from us. Therefore the procedure would seem to be to restore handwork and solve the problem.

"What!" they say, "give up the important posts we now occupy, the delightful as well as the vital things which fill our days from breakfast to midnight? Return to the footless preoccupation with dull tasks which efficient organization takes care of much better?"

SOLVING A PROBLEM

Perish the thought; the world would be in parlous case. But what about those who have no thrilling avocations; those whose drab existence is passed in one room; those who have been shoved aside from the main stream of endeavour by old age or infirmity? One of the most pitiful and unjustifiable figures in modern life is the worker for whom, through no fault of his own, there is no work. And how about the wounded soldiers who will soon be coming back to us? Are they, too, to be condemned to the misery of idleness by our "efficient organization"? Age, infirmity, and wounds,—these three conditions should call forth something more substantial than our pity. What are we going to do about them?

The answer is: revive handicraft. At least, the International Handloom Industry and Textile Studios Incorporated (to give it its full imposing title) is convinced that it is. Those who visit their studio and sales rooms, and talk to the presiding genius, Mrs. Annette Sterner Pascal, will receive a very strong impression that here indeed is the solution. The whole thing is founded upon the idea that the joy of creation is the purest we

Handicraft Is Not Merely a Pastime
for Enthusiastic Dilettantes; It May
Be the Solution of An Economic Problem



mortals can feel; and that the notion of limiting it to the few who are artists is all wrong. Not everyone can originate; that is reserved for the possessor of the divine spark; but many can participate in the carrying out of the origination; have a finger, as it were, in the ultimate pie, which is an object of beauty.

President Wilson says: "When a man's powers begin to play outward, and he loves the part at hand, not because it gains him a livelihood, but because it makes him a life, he has come to himself." The livelihood comes first, but the life is as much more important as it is less often considered. Work which brings joy in the doing, which is beyond mere drudgery, is the concern of the Textile Studios. They propose to teach the aged, the cripple, the woman tied at home, the wounded soldier when he returns to us, all the "unused labour" of the country, a form of activity which is interesting, congenial, and remunerative. They expect to discover latent creative ability, however humble; to encourage it to develop; and to make it profitable.

THE NATURE OF THE WORK

What is the nature of this sublimated form of work? It is largely weaving, as the first part of its imposing name indicates. Upstairs in the workrooms is the same sort of loom that was used by the ladies in the chatelaine's castle, when the middle ages were the "times we live in." Pieces of hand-weaving, in various stages of completion, are on the looms; for there is no long uninteresting period of preparation; one begins to make something at the very first lesson. The regular course consists of ten lessons of two hours each, and the fifty dollars that it costs includes the loan of the loom and the supplying of all the materials. The pupil takes home with him the pieces of work on which he has learned. On Monday and Thursday evenings there are night classes for which the price is cut in half. When the course is finished, the pupil understands all about his loom; how to

set it up; how to dye the threads he uses; he knows all the branches of the art, as well as a great deal about embroidery, especially needle-point; and he has acquired much practical information about design, and about the historical development of textiles in different countries.

THE CHARM OF QUAINT DESIGNS

In a small room is a loom of primitive type, over which presides the director of the place, Monsieur Manuel Gengoult, a master-weaver of France and a great artist, who superintends instruction and creates exquisite examples. On the day we visited the studio, he was beginning two panels, water-colour facsimiles of which hung on the wall beside him. Gentlemen of Eastern persuasion were engaged in the manly pursuit of hunting, with the aid of howdahs, elephants, and their prey, with the most delightful discrepancy in proportion, (a parrot was much larger than the lion beside it) was scattered over "very verdant and painted meads," such as Botticelli's "Primavera" treads upon. Four people will work on this, and it will be completed in four months. As we watched M. Gengoult passing the little wooden bobbins through the warp of his loom, he lifted the edge of the tapestry, slipping a mirror underneath for us to see how the finished pattern would look. To us his statement that the panels would be done in four months sounded like the wildest optimism. It is he who teaches the various branches of the art: the dyeing of the threads, for example, which is done with home-made vegetable dyes, and not with German synthetic stuff, or coal-tar products. It is he, who has the secret of "antiquing" the finished pieces, woven in wools of the most brilliant colours, and then blended into subtle tones by a process of burning, which reproduces the effect given otherwise only by the artist, Time, himself.

The plan is to make the school truly "International," by installing Chinese, Japanese, Russian, and other looms, with

native teachers. There is already a Swedish loom on the first floor, in the exhibition and sales room, where fine linen fabrics, some with delicate raised patterns in white threads on a coloured background, are being woven. This sales room is a colourful place, heaped with multi-tinted fabrics, all of which have the subtle cachet of the hand-made material, the hint of personality, of individuality, which the machine-made fabric can never bear. On one table is displayed the fruits of the pupil's work in astonishing variety. There are shopping bags, and overnight bags, chair-seats, knitting-needle cases, collars in needle-point, slippers, belts, table-covers, cushion-tops, as well as wall-hangings. There are lovely examples of figured things, with original designs hand-printed from wooden blocks, lined with glowing colour, and touched with embroidery. These are the work of a girl whom Mrs. Pascal discovered, a cripple earning eight dollars a week until the Textile Studios found in her a creative talent which her office duties were slowly smothering. Now she is the happiest creature in the world, making lovely things herself, and teaching others how to do them.

WHY THE PLAN IS PRACTICAL

The usual objections to hand-made things like these are that they are unpractical, because bedridden old people and wounded soldiers can't get about to sell them; and that there is no market for them. But the Textile Studios pride themselves on being practical, and their rooms are a clearing-house for such work. Indeed, their plans go further. They wish to become the selling agency for any group of workers who may be producing beautiful hand-made things. They are showing, for example, some wonderful fabrics, in cleverly blended colour combinations, and of most delightful texture, which are made by a colony on the Palisades of New Jersey. These materials would be splendid for children's dresses or sports clothes for they wash like the proverbial rag, and are almost indestructible.

Mrs. Pascal, the founder and president of the industry, with Mrs. Daniel O'Day, its vice-president, Mrs. J. Bishop Putnam, treasurer, Mrs. John Alexander, secretary, and Mrs. Albert Sterner, director, are enthusiastic in their desire that the school shall be known as a distributing centre of beautiful hand-made things. They wish to train and equip a large number of workers, so that the prices of their work may become as reasonable as possible. They hope that interior decorators, textile manufacturers, and the better dressmakers in search of the exclusive for important clients, artists, architects, and the public in general, will visit the studios, make use of their collections, and order hand-made fabrics and embroideries from them. The studios undertake to repair tapestries and embroideries, to reproduce ancient or cherished patterns, and to dye special colours. There is a department devoted especially to the stage, where the most radical of "little theatre" managers may have his wildest colour and fabric dreams made reality.

All who would like to see American textiles welcomed in the old world will be interested in this studio. The Handloom Industry is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, with an authorized capital of \$100,000. The shareholders become patrons of the industry, which may be the means of bringing congenial work to those condemned to idleness, as well as the means of encouraging the art life of our country in a practical direction. In return for financial support, the Textile Studios offer the enormous satisfaction of helping to lay the foundation of what should become a great national industry.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

MODELS FROM MISS STICKNEY



If one's brother is in the navy, one is prejudiced in favour of a pale grey linen frock bound with battleship grey linen and having a sash of navy blue gros-grain ribbon. And no ten-year-old could dislike those interesting tabs and scallops



Every little girl that likes a middy blouse—as all little girls do—will love this glorified one of delft blue linen embroidered in a deep shade of old-blue. It slips on over the head and buttons in back, and there is a wide linen sash



Some of the pleasantest things in life only happen at the age of five or eight—for instance, this frock of white percale and old-blue chambray. The upper part is of the percale dotted with old-blue and the chambray makes the skirt and belt



One needn't be grown-up to do one's share of wool conserving—at ten or twelve one may wear a jumper dress like this. The pleated underdress is of cream coloured shantung and the straight slip worn over it only uses a small amount of blue serge



This modest little frock of cinnamon brown linen hides some of its embroidery between the wide box-pleats. It has an embroidered belt (the embroidery is in dark brown cotton thread), and it's made for a little maid of ten to wear to school



Whether one is eight, eighteen, or as middle-aged as twenty-eight, one enjoys the consciousness of being well dressed. At eight a frock of embroidered rose linen worn over a dainty batiste guimpe is one method of acquiring this feeling

A LITTLE PORTFOLIO *of* GOOD INTERIORS



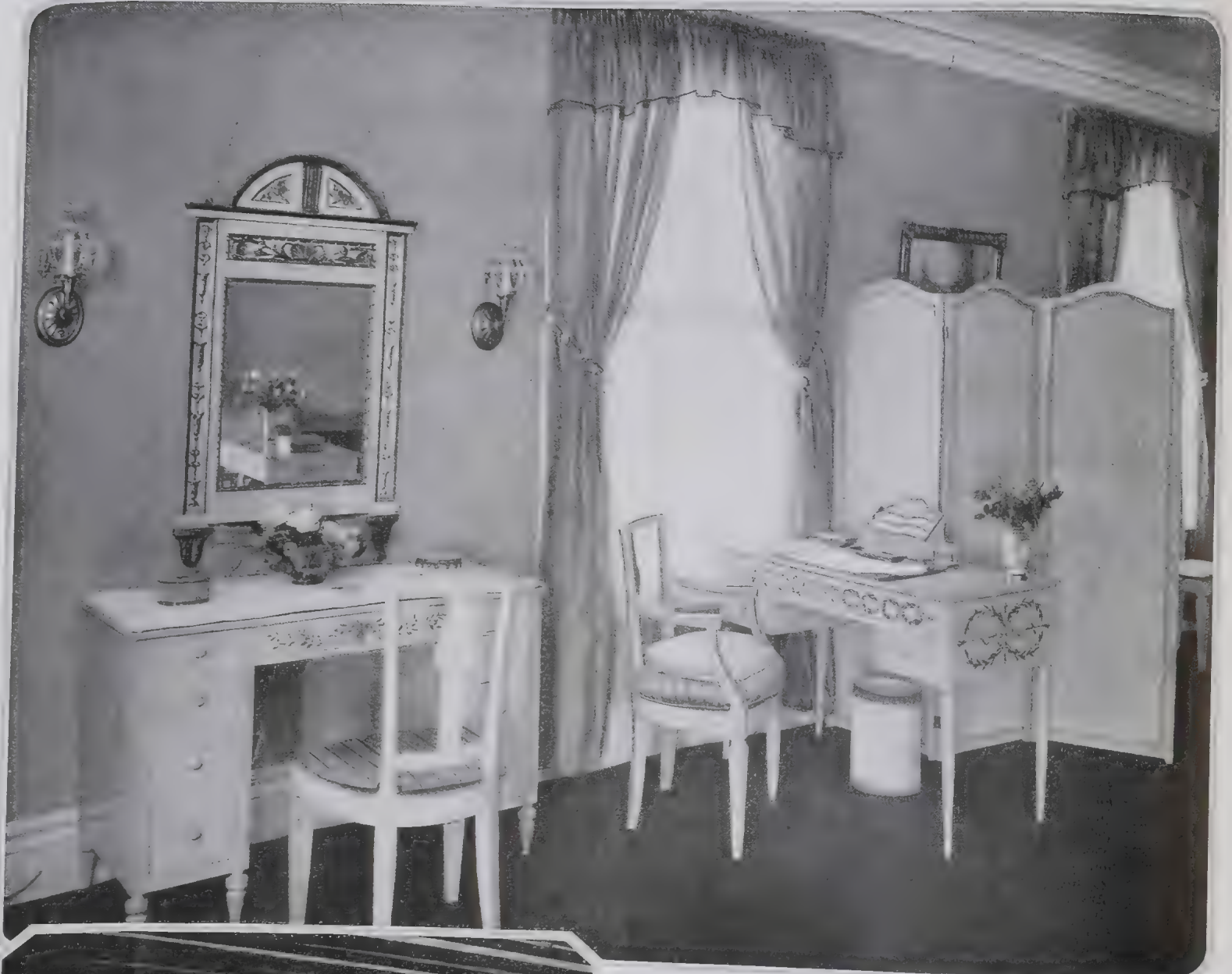
Buckly

Built-in architectural furniture lends an air of substantiality and permanence to an interior. In this living room, which is in the residence of F. F. Hodge, Esq., at Stonington, Conn., the indented fireplace with bookshelves and cupboards on either side are the dominating features of the room. Furniture and decorations are in keeping. Harry T. Little, architect



Another study of the architectural background of a room is found in the residence of E. P. Charlton, Esq., Westport, Harbor, R. I. The fireplace forms the focal point. Its dignity of white marble is enhanced by the grill panels on either side, the woodwork of the other walls and the beams of the ceiling. The woodwork is gray oak. F. C. Farley and P. M. Hooper, architects

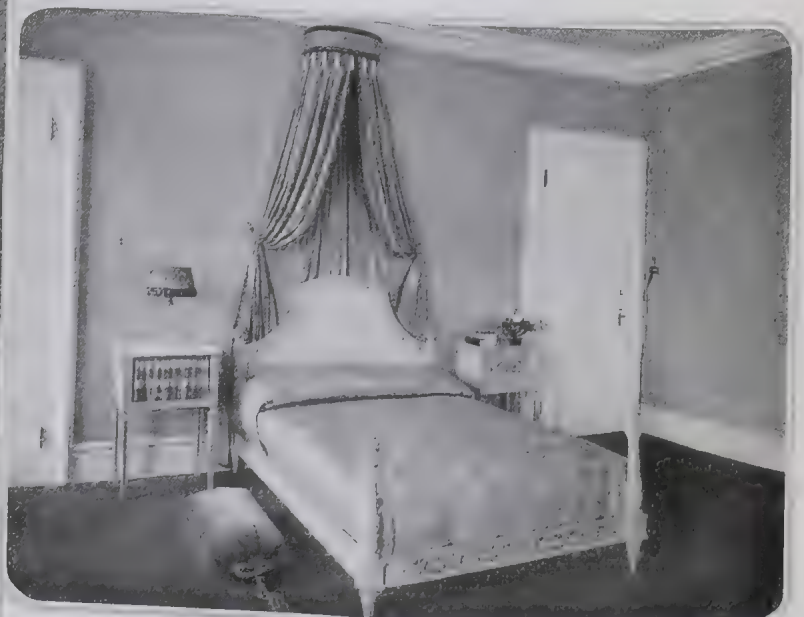
Gilles



Wurtz Bros.

(Left) The intention in the residence of Mr. P. C. Orvis, Scarsdale, New York, was to create the impression of an old house, with green oak beams and pegged boards. J. A. Bodker, architect

The four views on these pages, executed by Mrs. Cushing, a decorator, show the necessary corners of a bedroom. Above is the dressing table and writing corner. The mirror is a copy



Wurtz Bros.

The furniture in this bedroom is painted gray with blue decorations. The bed curtain is blue brocade lined with blue chiffon, and the cover, blue brocade with a small figure design



Wurtz Bros.

A comfortable and natural group is built around the fireplace with couch and easy chairs. The slip covers on the furniture are blue striped moiré. The carpet is taupe, and the curtains, blue gauze

(Right) Another view in the Orvis residence—the living room. Walls, golden brown. Furniture and hangings in dull brown, blue and mulberry. Curtains of printed linen and casement cloth



Wurtz Bros.

Another pleasing group is found in the bureau and accompanying chairs. Side lights with blue and white crystal shades and a little French print add touches of interest to the ensemble



Gillies

The two armies go forth with banners. There are scouts and sappers in the form of press agents, commanding generals in the stars which lead their forces, and a whole corps of privates in the form of minor singers. Each army has its general staff and supreme manager, in whom all lines of tactics, organization, and strategy converge. Pitched battles are fought each evening, and a band, a hundred or more strong, is there to celebrate the victory. The casualties in this war are terrible in the extreme. Reputations, cherished for years, may go down to defeat and annihilation at a rival's deft stroke on high C. And the public is not only permitted, but invited, even implored, to come to the battlefield to watch the struggle in progress. When it is all over and the due territory of prestige has been annexed, the world is none the worse for its having happened, and the art of music, and the appreciation thereof, not a little better.

It would be a mistake to assume that the opera war such as New York has been witnessing between these companies is a sham battle. It is taken very seriously by the directors, managers, and singers concerned. No one who remembers the Olympian sigh of relief, audible all over New York, which was emitted from the Metropolitan when Oscar Hammerstein was bought off a few years ago, will believe that these battles are staged for the mere amusement of the public. Mr. Kahn, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan, was publicly quoted, a few days before the present war opened, as saying that it was wrong that the Chicago company should come to New York and seek to diminish the attendance at the Metropolitan, since opera in its very nature should be a monopoly, competition in this case being not the life, but the very death of trade. There were even clearly recognizable hymns of hate composed in the weeks preceding the opening skirmish. For the responsible directors of an opera company feel very keenly the quality of its prestige; if Mr. Campanini wished to enhance his reputation by invading New York, he would have to fight bitterly, they said.

THE CAMPANINI CAMPAIGN

For this he was well prepared. With an abundance of new or long unheard operas, with an assemblage of distinguished singers, and with the reputation of a brilliant season in Chicago behind him, he had laid his plan of campaign well. He could boast the services of the unique Mary Garden and of Nellie Melba, who will be welcome in many another "farewell"; of splendid singing actors like Baklanoff, Marcoux, and Muratore; of new names, already glittering with prestige, such as Lazzari, Crimi, Geneviève Vix, and Rosa Raisa, and above all, Amelita Galli-Curci, held in reserve, with rare managerial acumen, as the great secret, the supreme surprise. In the face of such an impending campaign, there was visible an unwonted activity in the Metropolitan. For the week previous to the opening of the Chicago company's season, Gatti-Casazza announced Geraldine Farrar in her new "Thaïs" and again in her inimitable "Madame Butterfly" and "Faust"; Hempel in "The Daughter of the Regiment," and Caruso in "I Pagliacci" and "Rigoletto." For the first week of the warfare Farrar was scheduled to appear twice and Caruso three times, and the other beloved singers of the house were notable by their numbers. This was no sham battle. Clearly, the two general staffs were bringing their heaviest battalions into play. They were training their guns upon each other. It was this bitter earnestness on the part of the opposing commanders that gave the warfare the final touch of harmless but thrilling reality.

Cleofonte Campanini is eminently fitted by temperament to be a general in command. In the old days of the Hammerstein Opera House, it was he, more than

MAKERS of MUSIC

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Cleofonte Campanini was the original solution of the problem thus stated by Mr. Hammerstein: "The principal thing in giving opera is to find your conductor"

any other single individual, who made the institution a musical force which no one could ignore. Mr. Hammerstein, that genial adventurer, complacently remarked that "the principal problem in giving opera is to find your conductor." And having found Campanini, he sat back smiling as "Louise" and "Pelléas," not to mention Melba, Tetrassini, Mary Garden, Bonci, Renaud, and Gilibert appeared before New York's startled eyes. Almost single-handed, Campanini then whipped into shape an organization which, by all the rules of opera in New York, should have come to deadly failure. He was director of everything. From the orchestra pit, during rehearsal, he would rush on to the stage, show a prima donna how to enact her bit, return to the conductor's desk, seize a violin and play a passage for the concertmaster, shout a few commands to the stage hands about some detail of scenery, and return to the pit, carrying the whole thing through with irresistible élan. For once, New York had found a conductor whose executive ability was equal to his musicianship. And when, after quarrelling with Mr. Hammerstein and working for a few seasons in other lands, he returned in 1910 to a co-directorship in Chicago, he brought with him the same energy and capacity for discipline with which to mould a new operatic organization on its uphill climb to prestige. It was his New York trip on which he counted to set the final seal of success upon his ambitious labours.

Thanks to the vagaries of war-time conditions, to the clogging of transportation, to various august and contradictory orders from Washington as to wheatless, meatless, and heatless days, its injunctions and exemptions, his opening was beset with difficulties. But the Chicago Opera Association opened its season pretty much as announced, except that the first performance was given on Wednesday instead of Tuesday, on which all calory-consuming amusements were banned. The appearance of Galli-Curci was shrewdly held over until the second week. (It was not the first instance when her convenient "cold" had served

managerial ends.) And "Isabeau," which had been much relished in anticipation, was postponed.

THE FIRST SKIRMISH WON

But on Wednesday the town gathered to listen to Mary Garden in Fèvrier's "Monna Vanna," quickly to be followed by "The Jewels of the Madonna," with Rosa Raisa and Rimini; by "Thaïs," with Mary Garden, Dalmore, and Dufrange; and by the long-awaited "Dinorah," with Galli-Curci. The opening was markedly successful, not alone because of the singers, but especially because of the skillfully prepared psychological attitude of the audience. Those who attended wished to applaud. Campanini's opening skirmish had been won.

"Monna Vanna" has its place solely as a "star opera," for the music alone is almost negligible. Years ago, Maeterlinck had promised the "operatic rights" of his splendid drama to Fèvrier, apparently not knowing how slight were that man's musical abilities. Rights once granted were not to be withdrawn, and though, according to credible report, Maeterlinck suffered acutely from listening to the music to which his play had been mated, there was nothing to be done. Mary Garden was bidden to create the part of Vanna in Paris. As an actress of superlative skill, she made in it a memorable impression. At her request the work was secured for the Boston Opera House five years ago, and was there staged with the attraction of Joseph Urban's resplendent scenery. Following like a faithful Saint Bernard dog in her train, the opera went to Chicago, where the audience quite forgot about the music in its delight over the prima donna's acting. So at last, when it reached New York, it was not "Monna Vanna" with Mary Garden, but "Mary Garden in 'Monna Vanna'."

Fèvrier's music is notable chiefly because it remains in the background. It is "discreet," in the French sense, in that it contains but few strands of melody and is usually scored for the pianissimo tones of the orchestra. There are but

few passages in the whole work which the listener cares to remember after leaving the opera house. But were the music much more beautiful, it would still be dominated by the strangely magnetic personality of Mary Garden. In her early study of the part she was inclined a little too much to see Vanna as the amorous adventuress. Now, however, she has purified her conception of the rôle, has lent to it the dignity and spiritual elevation which Maeterlinck surely intended the character to convey. Lucien Muratore, who is relatively unknown to New York audiences, sang the part of Prinzivalle in a vibrant dramatic voice which is all too rare on our lyric stage. Baklanoff acted the suspicious and misunderstanding Guido as few other baritones in this country could have acted the rôle. It was, in short, a dramatic triumph, this "Monna Vanna"; not a musical success, but none the less an auspicious introduction to the long awaited visit of the troupe from Chicago.

The surprise of the first week, however, came in the singing of Rosa Raisa as Maliella in "The Jewels of the Madonna." Miss Raisa is one of those remarkable singers whom Campanini so often discovers in their tender years, before rival managers can discern their true talents. Her dramatic soprano voice is so powerful, so warm, and so finely fibred that her listeners are hard put to recall a rival to it in its kind on the operatic stage to-day. She is still very young, so it is natural that she should still lack something of that rare power of characterizing in tones and that her impersonation should still be a little too theatrical. But the ease and breadth of her style of delivery, her sure command over most of the difficulties of her art, and, above all, the ardour of her youth have already marked her as one of the most gifted of sopranos.

Giacomo Rimini, the baritone, was likewise new to New York audiences and likewise proved himself a singer of distinction. The chorus sang with freer dramatic expressiveness than is usual in opera companies. Mr. Campanini is too wise to slur the importance of a factor which exerts so potent an influence over the mood of the audience. Nor has he failed to find in Mr. Charlier a conductor who can maintain his orchestra at the level of Metropolitan performances.

AT THE METROPOLITAN

The Metropolitan, in preparation against this rivalry, had placed on the boards, not long previously, two of its novelties, one the "Lodoletta" of Mascagni, produced for the first time last spring in Rome and brought to this country on a wave of good report which averred that it was the best thing its composer had done since "Cavalleria Rusticana." Report has said this of each of Mascagni's new operas in the last quarter-century, but this time it seems that report is correct. "Lodoletta" is no more than an operatic trifle, but as such it proves wholly charming. The story of the little Dutch orphan girl who is compromised in her own town by the attentions of a French painter and who travels all the way to Paris to see him, only to die of consumption on his doorstep, is one to bring theatrical tears to operatic eyes. But it is also a story to give splendid opportunities to Caruso and Farrar, the one as an ardent dramatic lover and the other as a simple little girl who is the idol of the village children and who longs for nothing so much as her little pair of wooden shoes. Caruso's voice transfigures Mascagni's simple and melodious music and makes it seem for the moment an exalted emotional utterance. With two such singers heading its cast, it is likely to remain at the Metropolitan for a long time.

The other novelty of the past few weeks at the Metropolitan was Franz Liszt's old oratorio, "The Miracle of Saint Elizabeth," arranged to fit the needs of the stage and adorned with scenery in Joseph Urban's best style.

RECRUIT ONE MAN FOR THE NAVY!

(Continued from page 49)

U. S. S. Recruit, contributed by the citizens of New York, chiefly through the influence of Mr. Blain Ewing, who is called the "father of the ship." This ship, built after the model of the battleship *Maine*, is now a familiar landmark at Fourteenth Street. Eighty sailors are stationed there and are enthusiastically combining drilling and the recruiting of new men. "It's the garden spot of the Navy," one of them told us. "It's where all the mothers want their boys sent. And my! but the ladies are good to us. I've been here six weeks, and I've been asked out to dinner twenty times."

THE DEMOCRACY OF WAR

The war is making us all democratic. It has sent college men as cooks into the Army; it has set millionaire's sons to scrubbing decks and polishing brass. But even as it brings these men to lower tasks than they have done before, so does it raise other men to higher ideals and visions. It is by no means our brothers and our sons alone who are offering their lives for the sake of democracy. Indeed, it never has been merely the educated class who followed the flag or the grail or the cross. Always where there has been a worthy ideal, a leader who fired the imagination, or a cause great enough to justify the sacrifice of life, men have responded from every class and

every occupation. And never in all the history of the world has there been a cause so inspiring or so stirring. For the men who are fighting for this cause, and the men who join the Navy now so that they may soon be fighting, are not only offering themselves as a shield between the enemy and the young girls and little children and old people of France and Belgium; they are offering their lives as a shield to all the childhood and youth and old age of the generations that are to come. With their lives they are making the world safe for democracy.

OUR SHARE IN THE CAMPAIGN

This is a thought which should stir not only the men, but also the women of America. And if it can but stir them to great enough action, the result will mean much to the future of the Navy. *Vogue* wishes most earnestly to do its share in this campaign for fifty thousand new men. But *Vogue* realizes that only through its readers can it be of real assistance. There are considerably more than one hundred thousand women who regularly buy *Vogue*—over three hundred thousand who regularly read it. If each one of these women would make herself responsible for the recruiting of one man for the Navy, we alone would more than double the number of recruits actually needed. It is possible for every

woman to recruit one man. Think over those with whom you come in contact. Are there not several young men to whom this training would be an actual benefit? You have seen what military training has done for other men of your acquaintance. The men who have not yet joined the colours are very likely only waiting until they decide which branch of the service they prefer, and a word from you may be the deciding factor, the needed impulse to give one more man to the defence of the great principles at stake. Will you not speak that word? Others may be hesitating until the draft decides the question for them. Point out to them the advantages of voluntary selection of their service and especially the advantages and needs of the Navy, where every man is a volunteer and none of the regular machinery of the draft can aid in increasing their number.

WAYS OF HELPING

Recruit one man. If the men of your family and your friends have already enlisted or are ineligible, talk to your news-boy, your chauffeur, your man servant, the clerk who serves you in one of your shops. And failing that, you can stand at one of the Navy Recruiting booths, and it will not be long before you will have one man at least to your credit and can sign the "Fulfilled Pledge" slip which

Vogue will publish in a few issues. You have not done your share when you have given money—or even friends and family. There is no portioning off of our responsibility into well defined shares—your share and my share. The only limit to our responsibility is the limit to our physical and spiritual energies—and then a little beyond.

SIGN A COUPON FOR SUCCESS

Make this drive a success. We could do it single-handed; at least let us help with all the good-will that is in us. With this thought in mind we are publishing a coupon, which will be found at the bottom of page 49, and we ask every patriotic woman to read it carefully, to think seriously about the points which have been made in this article, and, if it is possible, to sign the coupon and mail it back to us. Later we will publish a coupon which we shall ask every woman who has already enlisted one or more men, to sign. *Vogue* will publish an Honour Roll containing the names of all those who have signed and mailed to us the pledge slip printed on page 49; and later on, the names of all who have sent us their "Fulfilled Pledge" coupon. We hope and trust that the number will be so large that we shall have just cause for pride in our magazine and in its readers and their loyal efforts.

AMONG the many private charities for which, since the beginning of the war, individuals in France have sacrificed their homes, their time, and their incomes, Hospital 232, founded and supported by the efforts of Baroness Huard, stands out with special interest. The hospital is an outgrowth of the work which Baroness Huard, an American by birth, began when the very first news of the outbreak of war reached her home, the Château de Villiers. Baroness Huard is a woman of great resource and ability, and at once realizing her opportunity for service, she offered her château to the authorities to be used as a hospital. A week later it was officially incorporated under the Soissons branch of the Association des Dames Françaises. Unfortunately the invasion of the enemy had begun, and the newly installed hospital served, during the last of that fateful August, chiefly as a haven for refugees. Then, with the approach of the enemy, evacuation became necessary, and the Baroness and her people escaped but a few hours before the German occupation.

RETURNING TO THE CHÂTEAU

With the retreat of the enemy, about a week later, Baroness Huard returned to the château. For the first time her courage failed her, for she found nothing but the shell of her home. It had been used for the headquarters of a German general and his staff and, before they left, had been thoroughly looted. However, those were days of action and not of regrets, and so, with the help of some decrepit old women who had not been able to leave the town, the work of cleaning up was begun, and it was scarcely terminated when the place was drafted as a military emergency hospital. By November, 1914, the hospital was reorganized on a very primitive basis and between fifty and sixty men with minor wounds and diseases were entered on the lists. Then came the typhoid epidemic that proved to be so terrible a scourge, and the Château de Villiers became a hospital for contagious diseases. From eighty to one hundred cases at a time were cared for during the ensuing winter.

The staff of this château-hospital consisted at that time of one military doctor, one pharmacist, one registered nurse, two helpers, five *infirmiers mili-*

NOBLESSE OBLIGE



Lewis-Smith Studio

Baroness Huard, who is at present lecturing in the United States, has just published her second book, "My Home in the Field of Mercy." Her husband, Charles Huard, is well known as a painter, and from the sale of his pictures has aided the hospital fund

taires, two cooks, and two orderlies. The first three were the only professionals. The very surprising record was that only one death was registered during the serious epidemic.

With the ever increasing cost of living, the government stipend of thirty-six cents a day for each man proved insufficient to maintain this hospital in the wilderness, established in a ruined country and cut off from communication with the outside world. Therefore, leaving matters in the hands of a competent nurse, Baroness Huard obtained a passport and sailed for America to obtain funds for the continuation of the work.

It was thus that the Villiers Fund came

into existence. It was arranged that all subscriptions should be taken care of at the Columbia Trust Company, 358 Fifth Avenue, under the personal supervision of Miss Virginia Furman. During the long months of the winter campaign, the hospital was maintained by odd sums which came from the sale of lithographs and books, and by anonymous donations. At the end of this time Baroness Huard found herself the possessor of about five thousand two hundred and thirty-three dollars, besides a weekly fund amounting to one hundred and twenty-eight dollars, representing subscribers of a dollar a week. She sailed for Europe with the intention of completely reorganizing the

Château de Villiers, but after a careful inspection by the head of the Service de Santé Militaire and Madame Ernest Carnot, president of the Association des Dames Françaises, it was decided to let the hospital continue as it was, temporarily. For several reasons it seemed useless to attempt to reorganize it at that time.

THE NEW HOSPITAL

As the war continues, hospitals are more and more grouped in and around big centres. Therefore, when Madame Alfred André offered a fine building, located in Paris and having excellent modern equipment and a large garden, Baroness Huard accepted the responsibility of a new hospital, feeling sure that her weekly subscribers would rely on her judgement and trust her to do the most good possible to the greatest number of wounded men.

Hospital 232, now stands in a lovely garden, at No. 49 rue de la Boétie, Paris. At the present time it is accommodating from eighty to one hundred and twenty severely wounded men. The surgical department is under the personal supervision of Professor Sébileau. The nurses and helpers are voluntary workers, receiving no remuneration of any kind. Madame Louis Barthou, wife of the ex-Premier, is *infirmière-major*; Madame Sainsère, wife of the *Secrétaire Général de la Présidence*, is her assistant.

Only the worst cases are taken into this hospital, where, thanks to the generosity of Americans, there is an X-ray room, an operating room, and also an apparatus for locating shrapnel and other pieces of metal. During the entire period from September eighth until May first, but five deaths were registered, out of one hundred and eight cases. During the same period one hundred and seventy-two operations were performed and, as a result of Professor Sébileau's resolute determination to preserve limbs, only eight amputations were included. All of the other wounded walked out of the hospital, their stiffness reduced to a minimum, even where a radical cure had proved impossible. Recently an American ward was opened in honour of Baroness Huard, the founder. Surely hearts and purses should open to such an opportunity to express the gratitude which is felt by her own countrymen.

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"HAPPINESS"

Miss Laurette Taylor is one of the ablest and most appealing performers that have come to the front in recent years; but a period seems imminent when her popularity may be endangered unless she chooses to renounce her evident decision to appear before the public only in plays that have been written by her amiable husband, Mr. J. Hartley Manners. The ability of Mr. Manners as a playwright—despite the great success of "Peg o' My Heart"—is not equal to the ability of Miss Taylor as an actress.

Mr. Manners's sketch called "Happiness" was originally offered to the public as a one-act play; and—from the point of view of criticism—it is still a one-act play, although the author has continued to discuss the subject throughout the compass of three added acts.

In the first act of the present piece, a cheerful and hard-working shop-girl who has learned that life is lovable afflicts with shame a wealthy widow, Mrs. Chrystal-Pole, whose luxury of leisure has brought her nothing but a sense of boredom and futility. The desires of these two contrasted characters—one of whom has everything to wish and nothing to work for, while the other has everything to work for and nothing to wish—establish the thesis of the drama. But, so soon as this theme has been expounded, the evening—to speak from the point of view of the spectators—is dead and done with. The play reveals no story, develops no structure, and affords no sense of cumulative interest. The basic lack of pattern is confessed by Mr. Manners through the literary subterfuge of announcing the successive episodes not as "acts" but as "phases." By this device he has attempted to ally this ill-constructed composition with the movement started many years ago (and soon discarded) by Mr. Granville Barker, who—for a time—sustained the heresy that the drama should attempt to ape the formlessness of actuality. But the tedious and repetitious aspect of the fourth and final "phase" cannot be easily excused by any theory of criticism.

"KAREN"

The purpose of art is to record an enduring impression of life; and—unless life itself is hateful and not to be desired—there is no logical reason why artists should refuse to "throw away the worse part of it." Before the war there was not a city in Europe—according to impressions gathered systematically by the present commentator through upward of a dozen years of travelling—more happy in the manifest conditions of its daily life than Copenhagen. Anybody who has ever dined and passed an evening in the Tivoli upon a summer night must

have received an impression that the Danes were not only an unusually lovely, but also an unusually happy people. Yet their foremost modern dramatist, Hjalmar Bergstrom, has attempted to convince us that their elders are damnably Christian and provincial, whereas their younger scions are damnably pagan and anarchistic.

"Karen Borneman" is—admittedly—the greatest play by Hjalmar Bergstrom, who was born in 1868 and died in 1914. This piece reveals a sedulous adherence to the facts of life, in its thesis, its story, and its scheme of characterization. It escapes the truth of life in omitting merely to record the joy of living; but "to miss the joy"—as R. L. S. asserted—"is to miss all."

This impressive, but totally unentertaining, play is presented—through the medium of a somewhat stilted and rhetorical translation prepared by Mr. Edwin Björkman—at the Greenwich Village Theatre. The leading parts are admirably acted by Mr. Frank Conroy and Miss Fania Marinoff. People who are willing to suffer through two hours for a manifest accretion to their literary culture may safely be advised to see it. The play is rich in thought; and it is thoughtfully interpreted.

"PARLOR, BEDROOM, AND BATH"

"Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath," by C. W. Bell and Mark Swan, is an uproarious and entertaining farce, conceived in accordance with the long-accepted formula bequeathed to all the world by the Palais Royal. The hero, in this instance, is a modest halting husband who is admired extravagantly by his wife because she believes him—quite erroneously—to be a very devil among women. In order to sustain a quite fictitious name for naughtiness, this husband is required—much against his will—to engage a parlor suite in a seaside hotel of questionable reputation, with the purpose of being discovered—in this compromising setting—in company with a chorus-girl whom he has never seen before.

This pattern offers many possibilities for amusement in the mood of broad and vulgar farce; and the present piece is undeniably amusing. The cast is headed by John Cumberland and Florence Moore, and the stage-direction has been entrusted to the experienced and skilful hands of Bertram Harrison.

"THE COHAN REVUE 1918"

A revue by Mr. George M. Cohan is a thing that almost seems to demand a word of praise from any habitual attendant of the many theatres that are localized along Broadway; but, in the candid opinion of the present commentator, the current entertainment con-

ceived by Mr. Cohan lacks the spontaneity that was recorded in his effort of two years ago. The present travesty is comparatively dull, except in one or two passages wherein the boisterous incentive of the author has triumphed over an apparent poverty in the material that was offered to his hand. A pitter-patter scene, both written and directed in the couplet rhythm of pæonic heptameter, is almost as amusing as that pre-existent passage of triumphant satire that was delivered to the public in the court-room scene of the "Cohan Revue of 1916." One or two of the songs entrusted to the energetic Nora Bayes are also worthy of a word of record by reason of their vigorous effect upon the audience; and the able aping of the mannerisms of Mr. Leo Ditrichstein that is duly registered by Mr. Charles Winninger is—once again—a thing to wonder at; but the spirit of the entertainment as a whole seems less enlivened than that of Mr. Cohan's antecedent efforts in this species.

"GOING UP"

More satisfying—from the standpoint of considerate criticism—is another production that has recently been sponsored by the firm of Cohan and Harris. This is a musical version of "The Aviator" by James Montgomery—provided with "lyrics" by Otto Harbach and with music by Louis A. Hirsch. The habit of turning an able farce or comedy into a tentative light-opera is growing in our current theatre, because of the example set, in recent seasons, by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse, and Kern. This custom is commendable because it presupposes a pattern that has already been accepted as worthy of attention. "The Aviator" was an amusing farce; and "Going Up" is even more amusing, under its new guise as a musical-comedy. Frank Craven is very funny in the leading part; and the remainder of the present cast is rather more than adequate.

LE VIEUX COLOMBIER

The versatility of Jacques Copeau as a managing director was demonstrated most emphatically when he produced, within a single fortnight, two plays so different in mood and method as Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" and "La Nouvelle Idole" of François de Curel.

So many slighting remarks have been made by commentators on Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier that it seems only fair to report a conversation that might otherwise have been considered confidential. By far the finest production of "Twelfth Night" that has been achieved in America within the last ten years was the production sponsored by Miss Margaret Anglin and prepared under the artistic direction of Mr. Livingston Platt. Mr. Platt—who is acknowledged by all

critics to be a veritable artist—told me, a week or two ago, that he had learned more from M. Copeau's production of this self-same play than he had ever hoped to learn on this side of the Atlantic. He told me that he had gone three times to see this French production of "Twelfth Night," and that after his third visit he had felt like going home and beginning his own work all over again. An artist so eminent as Mr. Livingston Platt can afford to be modest; and readers of this magazine will respect him all the more for this whole-hearted testimony to the merits of a colleague. I have ventured to record this conversation without specifically asking Mr. Platt's permission; because I know the minds of men who love the beautiful, and have no doubt of his desire to be counted before the public as an advocate of the activities of Jacques Copeau.

For the swift and joyous exhibition of a playful Elizabethan comedy, the fluent stage of Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier is especially adapted. In producing "Twelfth Night," M. Copeau has employed the "apron"—accessible from either side by proscenium doors—and the Shakespearian device of delivering the action of the deeper scenes from several different levels. His method is by no means abjectly archaeological; but it catches very cleverly the spirit of this mirthful and unfettered entertainment.

In producing "La Nouvelle Idole," M. Copeau has of course discarded the "apron" and the two proscenium doors and removed the whole projection behind a picture-frame. Yet this modern play—despite the paucity of scenery—is rendered with entire adequacy. "La Nouvelle Idole" was first produced in 1899 by André Antoine, at the height of his career as an exponent of the "naturalistic" drama—a drama absolutely antithetic in its mood to the adventurous and lyric spirit of the comedies of Shakespeare. François de Curel is a "psychologist"—utterly opposed to the traditions of the well-made drama of the boulevards,—but inclined to be a little morbid in his outlook upon life. In the composition of this play, the author has deliberately set himself the task of transmuting a project which, in other hands, might be dismissed as merely horrible to the more exalted mood of terror by virtue of the application of a more profound imagination. His theme is the contemporary conflict between the two ideals of science and religion; and his representative scientist is finally converted to religion when he meets, face to face, a stalking terror that he has created by reason of his former worship of the "new idol" of medical experiment. This dreadful play is, in itself, exceedingly impressive; and it is impressively projected in its presentation by the company of Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier.



Edith Wharton's War Charities. An American of Irish parentage, O'Connor learned the technique of sculpture in his father's monument works, but quickly freeing himself from such limitations, he developed a broad and individual art of such strength and quiet reserve that it gained for him the commission to execute the beautiful portal of St. Bartholomew's Church, when Stanford White restored that edifice. The present exhibition was remarkable for its variety and gave one an opportunity to study another of the Lincoln statues which are to-day so much and, in the case of the Barnard statue, so unfortunately before the public. Of his statue O'Connor says, "Whatever I know or have learned is in this work: it is useless to look for religious or political meaning in it; there is none there. Simply from the mass of splendid material, masks, casts of his beautiful hands and numerous photographs, I've tried to take what I could use, to the end that I might show in sculpture something of Lincoln's personal appearance." An appeal is being made to American

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(Continued from page 55)



"Twilight Pastoral" showed an earlier mood and manner of Davies's work, before he fell under the spell of the angular

artists to use their art to arouse patriotism and thus to become vital factors in the war. As the early church in Italy used the painted story to teach the people and to arouse religious fervour among them, so art and patriotic organizations to-day are urging the need of powerful pictures of present day history, great war pictures, to arouse the imagination and the compassion of the people to a greater patriotism. Duncan Phillips, the well-known writer, makes the following appeal to the artists. "Your function in war time is to express the great inarticulate impulse which moves the nation, which makes us all practical idealists about to go crusading to save Democracy for the world. Your function in war time is to respond with art's swift and generous response to the stimulation of the war, to make a pictorial history of the mighty days through which we are passing. Then put the best skill you have into the making of great war pictures." With this object in view, the National Arts Club is planning to make its May exhibition this year an exhibition of war pictures.

LAND SERVICE for PATRIOTIC WOMEN

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service. This movement soon spread over the entire country. Not only women of the labouring classes are now enrolled, but gentlewomen, wives of squires, daughters of gentlemen farmers, and patriotic women of title have volunteered for this land service. Schools have been formed to train them, and the government, recognizing this high type of love of country, has issued to each woman registering for farm work a certificate emblazoned with the royal arms, bearing the inscription, "Every woman who helps in agriculture during the war is as truly serving the country as the man who is fighting in the trenches or on the sea." After thirty days of satisfactory service on the land, a woman is entitled to wear a government armlet of green baize with the Royal Crown on it in scarlet. Her fighting brothers are given no more honourable insignia.

To prove how wonderfully British women have rallied to the call, up to December, 1917, over 72,000 certificates had been issued, and 62,000 British women were proudly wearing armlets. The Countess of Warwick has turned over her huge estates to the government for land service for women and as practical training schools for them; the Duke of Marlborough and many other men who bear ancient title have not only intensively cultivated their lands, but have plowed up their great gardens, and the King has a large army of women workers on duty

on the large estates at Windsor.

Because of the unusual conditions produced by the war, the American woman is emulating her English sister. But on account of our huge areas and our different methods of living, the movement has made slower progress. Last year, however, several experiments were made, and they proved very successful. At Vassar the "back-to-the-land-movement" was inaugurated in a small way. Twelve Vassar girls worked eight hours a day for eight weeks on the Vassar College farm. These farmer girls rose with the sun. Half after four found them in the fields. They worked two hours before breakfast, four hours between that meal and dinner, and two hours in the afternoon. They ploughed, both with a tractor and a two-horse plow, harrowed, planted, cultivated, trimmed, weeded, hoed, picked berries, mowed with a scythe and with a mowing machine, emulated Maud Muller, and then pitched the hay. There was nothing they did not do, even to mending fences, and they did all things well.

This was only one of several similar experiments. The most important and successful was the one made by the Standing Committee on Agriculture of the Woman's Division of the Mayor's Committee for National Defense, which put girls out in units of ten to thirty, and—this is a very important point—provided a hitherto untried method for their housing. In England the farm workers

have their cottages. In our country extra workers have "lived in," as do the English shop clerks. Hence the times of field cultivation and harvest have been a nightmare to the farmer's wife,—an awful round of baking and brewing for an army of strange people, of turning her quiet home over to an invasion. The Committee above referred to, realizing the faultiness of this method, rented cottages for their units wherever it was possible. When houses were not obtainable, the girls lived in camps. They were sent out in the care of a chaperon, who was also the cook. Every day automobiles or wagons carried the women farmers to those farms where they were needed, thus enabling each farmer to solve his problem of part-time help. The girls paid for their own board and drew a wage of \$2 a day.

The agriculturists of the United States have formed an association—it was done in 1915—for more scientific farming and for better distribution of workers. Forty-eight states have farm bureaus, and there are eighteen hundred scattered throughout the country. The farm bureaus, which cooperate with the colleges and state and national departments of agriculture, have twenty-five thousand members in New York State alone. With all these activities Mr. Curtis is in touch, by reason of his office. His association is anxious to have the services of the units which will be sent out this year

by the organization formed for that purpose.

For there is an organization. It had its inception at a conference, called by Miss Hilda Loines, as Secretary of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association, at the request of the Woman's Committee of the Council for National Defense. The activities of the Garden Clubs of America were represented by Miss Delia Marble. There were delegates from the Woman's University Club, the Committee of Women in Industry, the State Labor Bureau, the Mayor's Committee on Agriculture, the New York State Grange, the Farm Bureaus, Cornell University, the New York State School of Agriculture, and the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations; the western states were represented by the Mid-West Branch of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association, for this is a nation-wide movement. The Y. W. C. A., which is always at the front in activities for women, will have a guiding hand in the work, as will the Food Administration.

The unit idea will be employed again, but on a much larger scale. It is expected that thousands of women will enlist for the work. An Advisory Committee was appointed at the Council; Miss Marble is the Chairman and Miss Loines its Secretary. The committee will cooperate with the granges and farm and labour bureaus all over the country.

Despite all her manifold activities, however, the woman of to-day does manage to keep herself a decorative figure. When she doffs her chauffeur's uniform or waitress's apron, she appears much as she did in her days of leisure. To see her hurrying along Fifth Avenue, one would not realize that she had such momentous matters in mind, for there has been little perceptible falling off of enthusiasm shown for such subjects as spring hats, for instance. And the new spring hats are of a character well calculated to inspire enthusiasm. If there is any lack of novelty to be noted in other provinces of dress this season, this does not apply to hats,—they certainly are extremely smart. Some of the new hats show a striking similarity to the old-time poke, and others represent a clever manipulation of the "plateau," which is simply a flat oval of straw, turned up at the back or side—set upon a bandeau, and usually quite generously trimmed. Not a few of the new hats are ornamented with aigrettes, as was the grey straw turban worn by one of the guests at the wedding of Miss Alta Fitch and sketched in the circle at the

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left in the middle of page 47. This hat had aigrettes laid criss-cross over the top of the crown, and at the side there was a little cluster of old-blue velvet berries.

At one of the Bagby musicales was worn the snug little old-blue feather hat facing the one mentioned; it had a long striped quill thrust through it, and had two arrow-like pins with bejewelled heads and tips. The tips were slipped on after the pins had been thrust through the hat. On the same morning, Mrs. James Lowell Putnam wore the interesting costume sketched at the lower left of page 47. Her black gown was almost covered by a black satin coat, her black hat had a frill of black lace, and her muff and furs were black. The somberness of this costume was relieved by the jewelled pin with which her veil was caught to her hat at the front; it was a very effective use of the jewel.

Not even the stress of war work could prevent women from attending the Fifteenth Annual Show of the Toy Spaniel

Club of America, which was held at the Waldorf-Astoria. Among the dogs that were the winners of prizes was Mrs. Roche's toy bull terrier, Elm Court Molly Bawn, third. The sketch of Mrs. Roche, shown in the lower of the three ovals on page 47, was made on the afternoon of the show. She wore a sealskin hat topped with moleskin, a moleskin scarf, and had in her arms her tiny Pomeranian.

CHARITY BEGINNING AT HOME

Of late, several New York homes have been thrown open for the benefit of charity. There has been this season no brilliant affair on the order of "Tableaux Vivants," given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor last winter, but there have been several interesting musicales. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Gould Jennings threw open their home one afternoon a short time ago for the benefit of the Babies Hospital, and four thousand dollars was raised. Very successful also was

the musicale given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morton Plant for the benefit of the hospital, "Under Three Flags." This hospital, which is situated at Ris-Orangis, France, was founded by Lady Johnstone and has been specially commended by General Pershing. Among Mrs. Plant's guests were a number of well-known women, including Mrs. Amos Pinchot, who sponsored the coiffure pictured at the top of page 47, in the middle. At the same event, Mrs. William Miller Graham wore the lovely coat sketched at the lower right on page 47. The entire front of the coat was of black velvet, the back was of black and gold brocade, and about the neck were two long scarf ends of black velvet faced with gold. It was Mrs. William Miller Graham, also, who wore the very handsome diamond and platinum necklace shown at the upper right on page 47. This was sketched on the following evening at the opera. On the same evening Mrs. Angier B. Duke wore the unusual gown of white chiffon, sketched at the upper left on page 47; this gown attained an effective 1830 line by means of a band of old-blue about the shoulders.

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